MY EXPERIENCES IN THE TRANSVAAL—Adelbert Hay, United States Consul at Pretoria

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NEW YORK MAY 11 1901

COLLIER'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S INVASION OF DIXIE

"MAY THE YOUNG MEN OF THE STATE OF VIRGINIA PROVE WORTHY SONS OF THEIR NOBLE ANCESTORS AND CONTRIBUTE IN THE FUTURE, AS THEY DID IN THE PAST, TO THE WELLBEING AND HONOR AND GLORY OF THE REPUBLIC."—PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S FIRST SPEECH, DELIVERED AT CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA, APRIL 29

"A DIARY OF THE PRESIDENT'S TRIP," By a Cabinet Officer, Begins Next Week in Collier's Weekly

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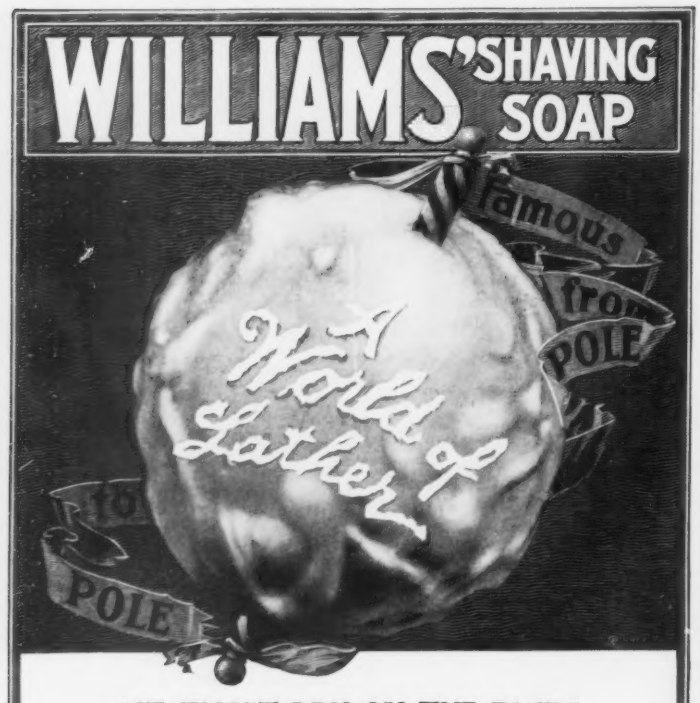

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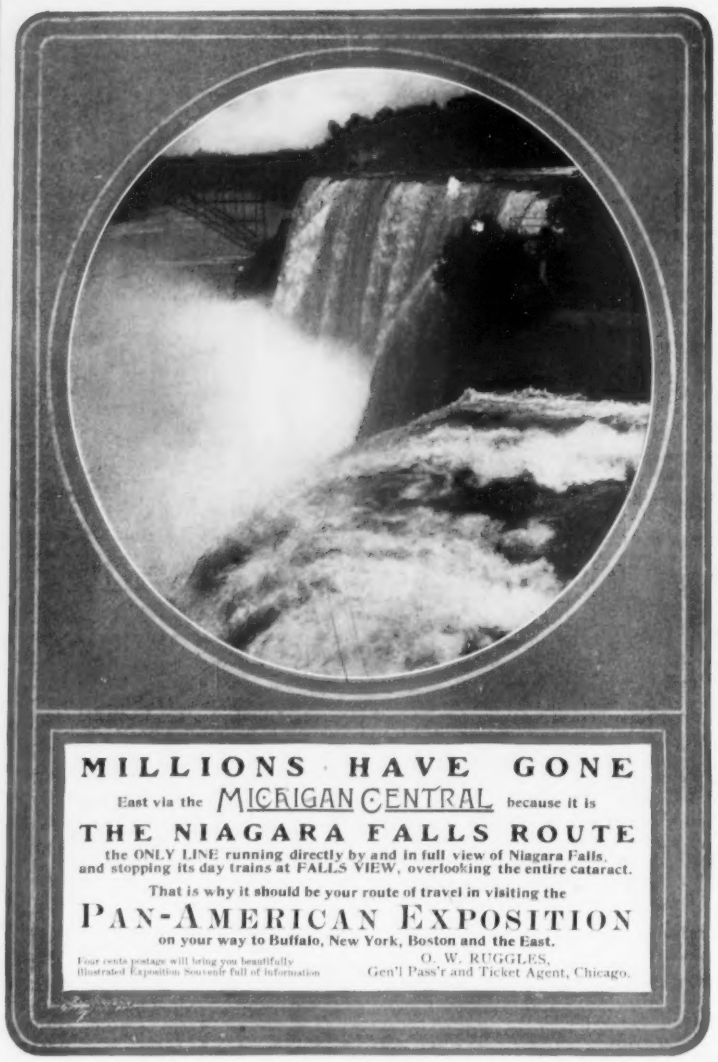

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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The WEEK

THERE IS NO MAN WHO HAS MORE FREQUENTLY served as the target for cheap gibes and sarcastic flings than Russell Sage, and yet Mr. Sage has a long head on his venerable shoulders and the saving virtue of common-sense. He has recently uttered a note of warning to those persons who are recklessly plunging on the Stock Exchange, and who seem oblivious to the fact that when stocks are selling for two and three times their intrinsic value some one is bound to get hurt before the account is finally balanced. "There is but one way of doing business," this veteran of Wall Street remarked—"keep close to the lines of common-sense and honesty. The present condition of the market is unnatural and liable to lead to great losses and perhaps panic. Who would want to pay twice as much for a house as it would cost to duplicate it?" So obviously true is this that it would seem as if it must be apparent to every one, but when a person once falls a victim to the fever of speculation, like all other fevers, it must run its course, and the patient is lucky to have escaped with his life after having lost his substance. The material prosperity of the United States is greater now than it ever was before; the whole world is coming to us for our commodities, the whole world is borrowing American money to help pay their war debts and exploit their industrial enterprises, but that does not justify the extravagant prices which are now being paid for securities or create values out of nothing. Mr. Sage says that prices must come down. Undoubtedly they must, and in their descent paper fortunes will be swept away, but the solid prosperity of the country will not be affected, nor will legitimate business enterprises be injured. In the language of Mr. Sage: "Now is the time to exercise prudence, take in sail and keep close to the shore."

RUSSELL SAGE

IT IS A TRIFLE ROUGH ON QUEEN WILHELMINA of Holland, who married for love, to be asked, hardly before the honeymoon has waned, to pay the bachelor debts of her husband. The Queen has a will of her own, and out of all the eligible young men who were bold enough to aspire to her hand she picked out the one who appealed to her heart, and when with quaint ceremonies they were married a few months ago, all the world, republicans as well as royalists, wished them good luck. Before his marriage the Prince Consort, Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, led a rather gay life. Naturally, as royalty will, he fell into the hands of the money-lenders, who thought their notes would be paid when he married a reigning sovereign. But Wilhelmina, inheriting thrift from a long line of Dutch ancestors, saw no reason why she should pay a spendthrift husband's debts even if she did love him. As the Queen is rich and has a civil list of $320,000, the Dutch Parliament refused to make the Prince Consort an allowance, and his wife settled $150,000 a year on him. On this pittance the Prince must worry along, pay his debts if he chooses or let his creditors walk the floor, it is all one to his royal spouse. It is reported that the Queen is very angry. We can quite believe it. Remembering the indifference with which she snubbed impecunious princelings who wanted to pour their tale of love into her royal ear, and the calm way in which she used to tell her Ministers that she was able to select a husband without their advice, it is easy enough to understand that the royal palace of Het Loo is not exactly an abode of bliss at the present time.

DUKE HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN

WE ARE QUITE USED TO READING OF RIOTOUS demonstrations made by students of the Russian and French universities and look upon these little ebullitions as quite a matter of course, but it is a new and decidedly unpleasant incident to learn that the cadets at the West Point Military Academy are in a state of insubordination and practically defy the superintendent, Colonel A. L. Mills. It is not material whether the cadets or the officers in charge are to blame, the fact remains that the young men who are being educated to command, and therefore must first learn the lesson how to obey, have indulged in unseemly demonstrations in front of the superintendent's quarters and were only prevented from firing off a cannon, in violation of rules and to show their displeasure, by the vigilance of the sentries. The exuberance of youth is one thing, and quite pardonable; a determination to ignore authority and make sport of proper regulations is quite another thing, and shows a spirit among the cadets which does not augur well for their future. Some months ago the country was disgusted by the revelations of the peculiar code of honor existing at West Point, a code which regarded it as manly for a finished boxer to pound a green plebe into unconsciousness, and which permitted bullying and torturing in the worst forms. Congress was lenient and let the offenders off with a gentle reprimand, which some persons at the time considered to be an invitation to fresh offences when the Booz episode had passed into a memory. Apparently the old spirit of insubordination has again broken out. West Point is a magnificent institution and has turned out men of whom the country is justly proud, but cadets who flout their superior officers do not redound to the credit of their Academy. If the cadets are wise they will remember there is a limit even to indulgence.

COLONEL MILLS

IT SPEAKS WELL FOR THE FINER QUALITIES which govern men that Admiral Cervera, whose gallant attempt ended so disastrously, and Naval Constructor Hobson, who hazarded so much and accomplished so little, should to-day be such good friends and entertain such a high opinion of each other. Hobson the captured and Cervera the captor became good friends, although the fortunes of war made them bitter enemies, and since the conclusion of peace they have kept up a desultory correspondence. When Cervera was promoted to be vice-admiral, Hobson congratulated him, and in reply the Admiral urged Hobson to visit him, saying that he wanted to give him a taste of Spanish hospitality. This invitation Hobson accepted conditional on Admiral Cervera visiting him in Alabama. Admiral Cervera responded that he was an old man and his travelling days were about over, but he agreed to send his son to America in his place. It is to be hoped that the gallant old Spaniard will change his mind and come to America. The American people took kindly to the Admiral. He fought gallantly as became his name, and when he was forced by circumstances to yield, he laid down his sword with a lofty simplicity which won for him the respect of his opponents.

CONSTRUCTOR HOBSON

HENRY WHITE, THE FIRST SECRETARY OF THE American Embassy in London, has recently been telling the reporters in Washington that the efforts of Americans to secure the release of Mrs. Maybrick have done more harm than good, and he suggests that agitation will still further prejudice her cause. Mrs. Maybrick may have been guilty of the murder of her husband, but it has never been proved to the satisfaction of an unbiased person, and the fact that the late Lord Chief-Justice placed himself on record as believing in her innocence ought to have the highest weight. The judge before whom she was tried and convicted was notoriously unfair in his rulings and shortly after her conviction he went insane. But apart from all this the woman, even if guilty, has been sufficiently punished. The fault was not all on her side—for her faults she has suffered much. The American people, from the President down, have asked that she be released, not so much as an act of justice as an evidence of friendly relations which ought to exist between the two countries, but to all appeals the English authorities have turned a deaf ear. Successive Ambassadors have asked Home Secretaries to recommend her pardon, and Mr. White has been persistent in endeavoring to secure her release. All to no purpose. An English court of law has found her guilty, and so hidebound is English tradition that from its decision there is no appeal. One would be inclined to regard Mrs. Maybrick as a victim of persecution did we not know that in England justice is rarely tempered with mercy and that the pardoning power of the Crown is so seldom exercised that it has become almost a dead letter.

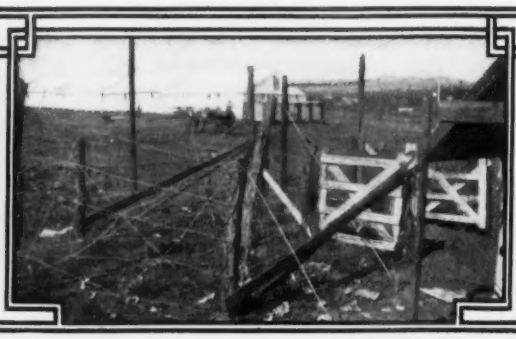
MRS. MAYBRICK

IN THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE LAST CONGRESS, Representative Babcock of Wisconsin, a Republican of so much prominence in the councils of his party that he is a member of the Ways and Means Committee, introduced a resolution to place on the free list the manufactured products of iron and steel, and although no action was taken on the resolution at the time, it has caused the widest discussion in all parts of the country, and Mr. Babcock only a few days ago announced that more would be heard of the matter when Congress reassembled next winter. Who would have predicted a few years ago that a prominent Republican would favor striking the duties off iron and steel—two articles in which England until quite recently held the primacy—or who would have been rash enough to predict that we should be exporting our manufactures of iron and steel to all the world and competing with English manufacturers not only in the United Kingdom, but also in British possessions, underbidding English firms in South Africa and Egypt, and equipping London railways with American made rolling stock? But all this has happened. We are still a long way from free trade, perhaps we may never reach it, and yet it must be apparent to every thoughtful observer that the tendency in that direction grows more marked every year, because the United States is now the greatest manufacturing country in the world, and can successfully compete with all the world. And while we are gradually approaching free trade, it is curious to note that England is gradually returning to protection. The imposition of a duty on sugar and an export duty on coal, made necessary to raise revenue to pay the expenses of the Boer war, is significant; because for a great many years the protection party in England has been growing and manufacturers have been clamoring for legislation to stop foreign competition. It would be remarkable if at the end of the first quarter of the new century England should have reversed her traditional policy of free trade, while the United States should have forsaken the cardinal policy of protection and thrown her markets open to all the world, knowing that even without tariffs she can meet and overcome the competition of all other nations.

REPRESENTATIVE BABCOCK

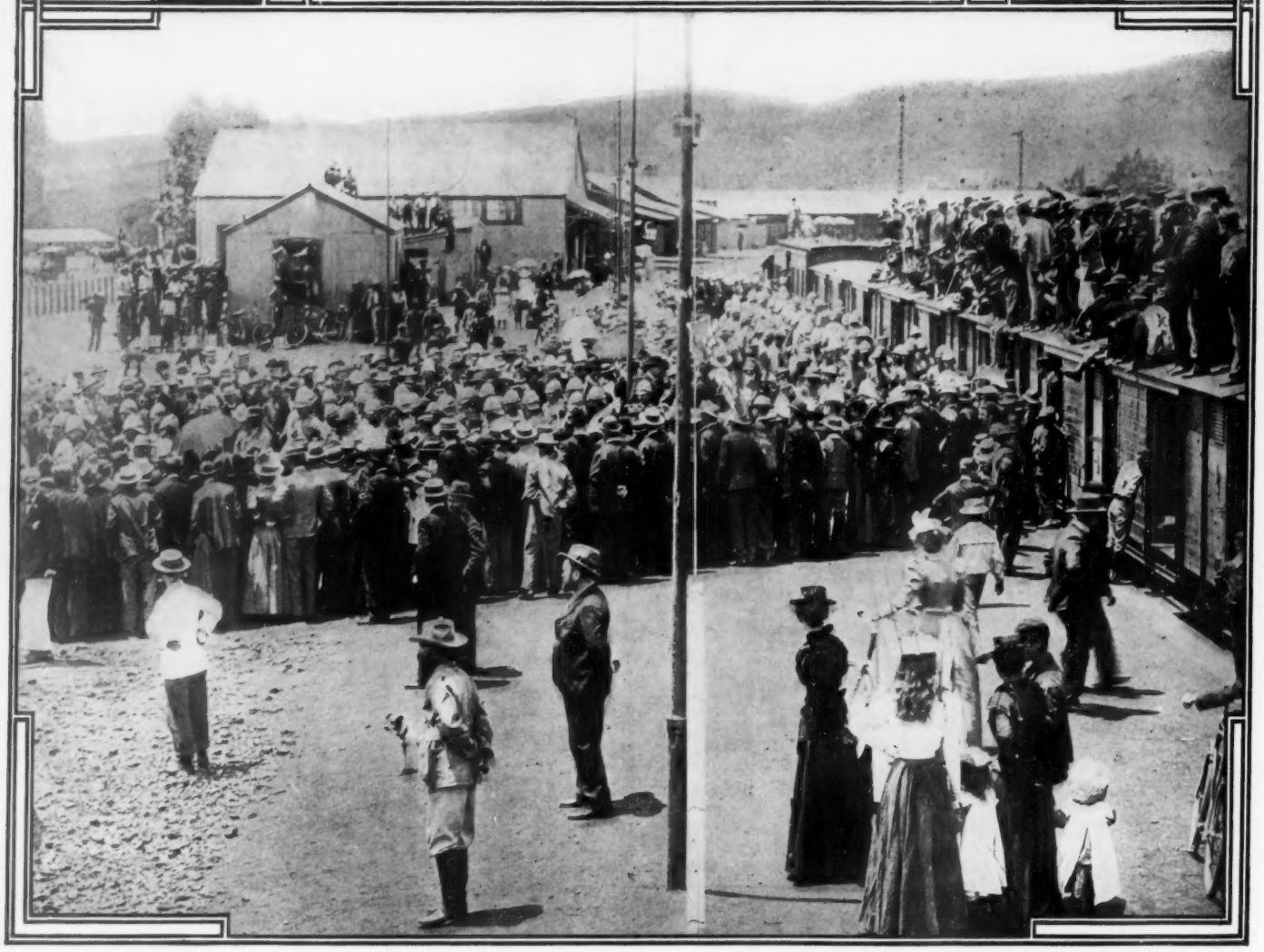
STUDENTS OF POLITICS WILL WATCH WITH MUCH interest the progress of the new political movement in the South of which Senator John L. McLaurin of South Carolina is the leader. Mr. McLaurin was elected to the Senate as a Democrat, and was supposed to be in harmony with the most radical element of his party, but during the last session of the Senate he showed that his sympathies were with the Republican Administration rather than with his own party. In a notable speech made at Charlotte a few days ago, Mr. McLaurin said he had no intention of trying to launch a new party in the South, but he was anxious to advocate within Democratic lines a policy which he believed to be for the best interests of his section. Mr. McLaurin believes that the South should take a broader view of national questions, that it should cease to be merely local and sectional and recognize that changed conditions mean a different attitude; that in politics as in everything else there should be greater toleration shown toward opponents. The attempt has been made before this time to build up a white Republican party in the South, and it has never met with success. President Grant tried it, so did Hayes, but the Solid South refused to be split, and the appointment of a few Southern Republicans produced no practical effects. The present experiment is not an attempt to build up another party or to help the Republicans so much as it is to reform Democracy from within, which makes the movement much more interesting and liable to have more lasting results. It of course meets with opposition—what reform does not?—and to judge from the tone of many leading Southern newspapers it will have few supporters, and yet, as one leading paper points out, in at least four of the Southern States the race question has practically disappeared from politics, and the elimination of that issue means a realignment of party lines.

SENATOR McLAURIN



A BARBED-WIRE BARRICADE DEVISED BY THE BOERS FOR BRITISH PRISONERS

CAPTURED BRITISH TROOPS MARCHING INTO THE PRETORIA STOCKADE



A GALA DAY FOR THE CITIZENS OF THE TRANSVAAL CAPITAL—ARRIVAL OF BRITISH PRISONERS AT THE PRETORIA RAILROAD STATION

WITH THE AMERICAN CONSUL IN THE TRANSVAAL

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MY EXPERIENCES IN THE TRANSVAAL

By ADELBERT S. HAY, United States Consul at Pretoria

ADELBERT S. HAY, U. S. CONSUL AT PRETORIA

THANKS TO Transvaal newspapers and some fellow-countrymen, when I arrived in Pretoria, on February 1, 1900, as the consul of the United States to the Transvaal Republic in succession to Mr. Macrum, I found the Boer officials none too friendly; in fact, it is no exaggeration to say that they were suspicious and distrustful. "You are," I was shortly told in substance, "practically an Englishman. It is true you were born in the United States, but you have lived nearly all your life in England and you were educated there," and this, thanks to my friends, was said in good faith and really believed. When I remarked that I was educated in the United States, and that, instead of having spent nearly all my life in England, I had only visited there as do thousands of other Americans, they appeared greatly surprised.

But there were still other suspicious circumstances to be explained. Was it not a fact that I had called on Lord Salisbury, and had not Lord Salisbury given me instructions? It was too true. I had committed the indiscretion of calling on the Prime Minister and—it is almost the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous—I had taken a cup of tea with him while he inquired after various members of my family! Only once was my new post mentioned. Lord Salisbury asked how I intended to reach Pretoria, and I told him I had entertained some idea of going via Cape Town and requesting the British military authorities to forward me to my destination. Lord Salisbury suggested that that course might prove inconvenient, and so I went by way of Lorenzo Marques.

But my instructions? As to that I suggested that I was the consul of the United States and that the United States were not in the habit of having foreign governments instruct their consular officers, and that before my conduct was criticised it might be well to see how deserving I was of criticism. The hint was accepted; I was to be permitted to have a fair trial.

I am quite sure that I was watched and spied upon; I know that on more than one occasion my official despatches were held up before they were passed by the censor; some of my letters were lost. But it was a time of war, and war has many things to answer for: among others it makes men careless and interrupts the postal service.

THE BOER IS A REINCARNATED COVENANTER

I don't know that I am qualified to express an opinion of the character of the Boer, because my opportunities for judging were very limited, but it seems to me that he is often narrow-minded and circumscribed in his views, which is not surprising when you remember the life he leads. Of course, I am talking of the Boer of the veldt and not the officials. My position prohibits me from commenting on the members of the government, and even without this prohibition I should be disinclined to do so. But the Boer farmer leads a self-centred life removed from intercourse with his fellows, which makes him alien to the world and quite unable to understand it. He rarely speaks English, but usually comprehends it. He reads his Bible—not, I think, because he is so deeply religious, but because it has become with him largely a matter of habit and it is often the only book he has. Constant reading, often without understanding, has made him fanatical and apt to interpret too literally the doctrine of vengeance.

The Boer farmer has been represented as uncleanly. Perhaps he does not bathe so often as we do, but you must remember that water is a scarce commodity and is treasured accordingly. The Transvaaler of the town—the better class—is a great believer in cleanliness.

The man of the younger generation is more liberal and better educated. He is learning English ways and he tries to come in contact with the English. When war was first declared the young men joined the army, but recently, since the Boers as well as the Free Staters have seen the cause was hopeless, the young men have no heart in the struggle, and have either ceased to fight or else only do so when they must. It is the old men now who are fighting, and they are fighting as Cromwell's Ironsides did—chanting a Psalm before they charge. They are fighting with the zeal of fanatics; they are irreconcilable; they have seen their homes destroyed, their crops ruined, their relatives killed, and they fight because that is the only thing left to them. The history of the world can show no other case of such indomitable tenacity. It is evident that fifty per cent of the original Boer army has either been killed or taken prisoners; in all other cases when twenty-five per cent of a force has been captured or placed *hors de combat* the end has come, yet the Boers keep up the struggle and entertain no thought of surrender.

And this, it seems to me, makes it difficult to make any prediction as to the time when the war will end. These old men will fight until they are killed, or until it is absolutely impossible for them to do any more fighting. I mean by this that they must be practically exterminated before British authority can be recognized. The refusal of Louis Botha to accept the peace terms which were offered to him the other day by Lord Kitchener shows that the Boers will not listen to any talk of surrender and will refuse to lay down their arms as long as it is possible for them to fire a single shot. I do not mean by this that there will be an organized resistance, but that there are a certain number of men who will never become peaceable citizens under the English flag. I am not a military man, and therefore I am quite incapable of expressing any opinion as to the military operations, but I believe that eventually the British must win and that one of the reasons why the Boers will have to surrender will be their inability to obtain further supplies of ammunition. From all accounts their stock is running low, and it is now impossible for them to obtain supplies from abroad. So long as they have a single cartridge left they will keep up the fight.

TOMMY ATKINS' EQUAL VALOR AND INFERIOR AIM

I have often been asked as to what I thought of the relative merits of the Boers and British as soldiers. My opinion is worth very little, but from what I have seen I can form an estimate. Of the British, both men and officers, too much cannot be said. The British officer, it seems to me, is at times foolishly brave. That is to say, he is impressed with the necessity of inspiring his men and showing a contempt for death or danger. It has often been said that this is magnificent but it is not war. I am not quite sure that I agree as to that. When the man in the ranks knows that his officer is not shirking and that he has no fear of consequences, it makes him courageous and inspires him to do his best. The English soldier is plucky, dogged, and usually contented. I do not think he has the adaptability of the American soldier, but he impresses me very favorably. The Boer, of course, has the advantage over the Britisher—as I think he would have over the soldiers of any nation in the world—of being a natural born shot. From infancy the Boer has been hunting big game and has been accustomed to the use of firearms. Distances on the veldt are extremely deceptive, owing to the atmospheric conditions, and it is difficult for a man not trained to that form of outdoor life to be able to accurately determine the range. The Boer, on the other hand, having always led the life of a hunter with a keenly trained eye, has his adversary at a disadvantage. That explains why in the principal engagements the loss of life on the British side was so heavy and the casualties among the Boers comparatively few. The British infantryman is probably as good a marksman as can be found in any other army, but he is hopelessly outclassed as against the Boer.

A SORTIE PLANNED FROM PRETORIA BY TUNNEL

Life in Pretoria was not without a certain amount of variety to discourage monotony. As Lord Roberts commenced to slowly creep on to the city more than one piece of shell hit the house in which I was living, although no very great damage was done and nobody was killed. As to the diplomatic negotiations or the official communications which passed between members of the government and myself I am, of course, unable to speak, but there was one incident in which I was concerned which perhaps I may be pardoned for relating.

Some time before the occupation of Pretoria by Lord Roberts, I was informed by one of the prisoners at Waterval, the prison camp, in which four thousand private soldiers were confined, that a tunnel was being built which would extend some yards beyond the outer barbed-wire fence and close to one of the Maxim guns which guarded the camp. The plan was to make a dash through the tunnel if the prisoners were not relieved by the British before a certain day, seize the Maxim, turn it on the Boer guards and overpower them. The tunnel was well constructed, showing a great deal of skill, and the plan might have been successful, as the guard was made up of very old and very young men, who kept only a lax watch. The conspirators, after having overpowered the guard, were to obtain all the available arms and ammunition and try to rush Pretoria or effect a junction with the British forces. About a week before the English entered the city, I began to be very anxious on account of the non-arrival of Lord Roberts, and decided that something must be done, as the prisoners were becoming very much excited and could not be held in check much longer. It was not pleasant to contemplate what might be the effect of several thousand desperate men suddenly turned loose in the streets of Pretoria.

I knew that the British officers had almost perfect control of their men, and that their influence, if properly exercised, might be able to keep the prisoners quiet.

In company with Mr. Lee Wood, an Englishman, who was the manager of a bank in Pretoria, and who had been active in looking after the interests of the prisoners, I went to the landdrost and explained to him the circumstances, pointing out that if the prisoners made their attempt to escape it would undoubtedly result in much bloodshed and perhaps might lead to a deplorable state of affairs. I asked from him permission to select twenty British officers who were prisoners—the officers being confined in a prison quite apart from the men—and go with them to Waterval, where they could use their influence to dissuade the men from trying to make the attempt to escape. This permission was granted, and the twenty officers were placed under parole. A special train was ordered, the passports were made out, and I was practically given a free hand in the matter. We drove out to the camp where the officers were confined; the matter was explained to the Boer commandant, and then Colonel Hunt of the Royal Artillery, the senior officer, was told what was going on. He picked out twenty officers representing all branches of the service, who were to go to Waterval. It was evening when we arrived at the officers' prison, and as they knew that Lord Roberts was within striking distance of the city, their spirits had gone up and they were celebrating the event with a better dinner than they had been in the habit of having.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"

The Boer commandant in charge of the camp was a very good fellow, who quite appreciated that the fortunes of war had changed and that in a few days—perhaps hours—the British flag would be flying over the capital. He made a little speech in which he said that when circumstances were different, he trusted his then prisoners would treat him as fairly as he had treated them. One of the officers replied in the same spirit, and then suddenly, spontaneously, without preconcerted signal, there was an intensely dramatic scene. Somebody commenced to sing the first bars of "God Save the Queen." Every man rose to his feet; every head was bared as the words and music of the British national anthem rolled out. The officers were confined in a low, corrugated iron shed which echoed and re-echoed the music and made an impression on me that I shall never forget.

When all the details had been arranged the officers and the Boers who were to accompany us entered omnibuses to drive to the station, where our special train was awaiting us. When we reached the principal square, right in front of the club, one of the 'buses broke down and the bystanders and English sympathizers, seeing the officers, concluded at once that Lord Roberts had entered the city and that the former prisoners had been released. Some of the men friendly to the English cause rushed into the club-house and spread the information, and it was necessary to recall them so as to prevent the rumor from gaining wider currency.

We entered our special train and reached the camp at Waterval, where I asked the only commissioned officer, Lieutenant Nesbit of the Protectorate Regiment—who had been permitted to be sent to that camp because his son, a boy of sixteen, had been taken prisoner—to explain all the circumstances of the tunnel to Colonel Carlton, who was the senior British officer present. This Lieutenant Nesbit did, greatly to the surprise of the Boers, who had had no conception of what had been done, and who were amazed to find with what skill the tunnel had been constructed. While we were talking, the Boer guards at the camp crowded around the party and eyed the British officers with a good deal of suspicion. I explained to the commandant in charge of the camp that he must send the guards away, that the officers were on parole, and were to be given free hand. The guards were accordingly dismissed and the officers then sent for non-commissioned officers. To them Colonel Carlton made a little speech, saying that they were

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 22)

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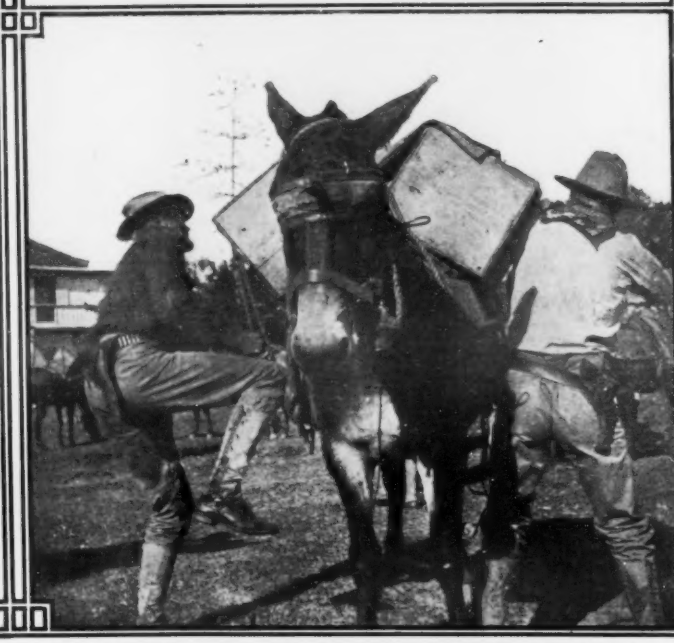
IGOROTE BAGGAGE-BEARERS FOR THE 36TH UNITED STATES INFANTRY IN ARABI, NORTHERN LUZON

AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES OF LAW AND ORDER AT SUAL, GULF OF LINGAYEN, NORTHERN LUZON

AN IGOROTE-AMERICAN (AND CHRONIC REBEL) ARMED WITH SPEAR AND HEAD-KNIFE

FILIPINO SPEARMEN RETURNING FROM A DEER HUNT IN NORTHERN LUZON

SOLDIERS PACKING UP THEIR DISINFECTED BAGGAGE PREPARATORY TO RETURNING HOME



LOADING FIXED AMMUNITION "DISSUADERS" FOR THE INTIMIDATION OF HEAD-HUNTERS

AMERICAN SUBJECTS—REGULATORS AND HEAD-HUNTERS—IN THE PHILIPPINES

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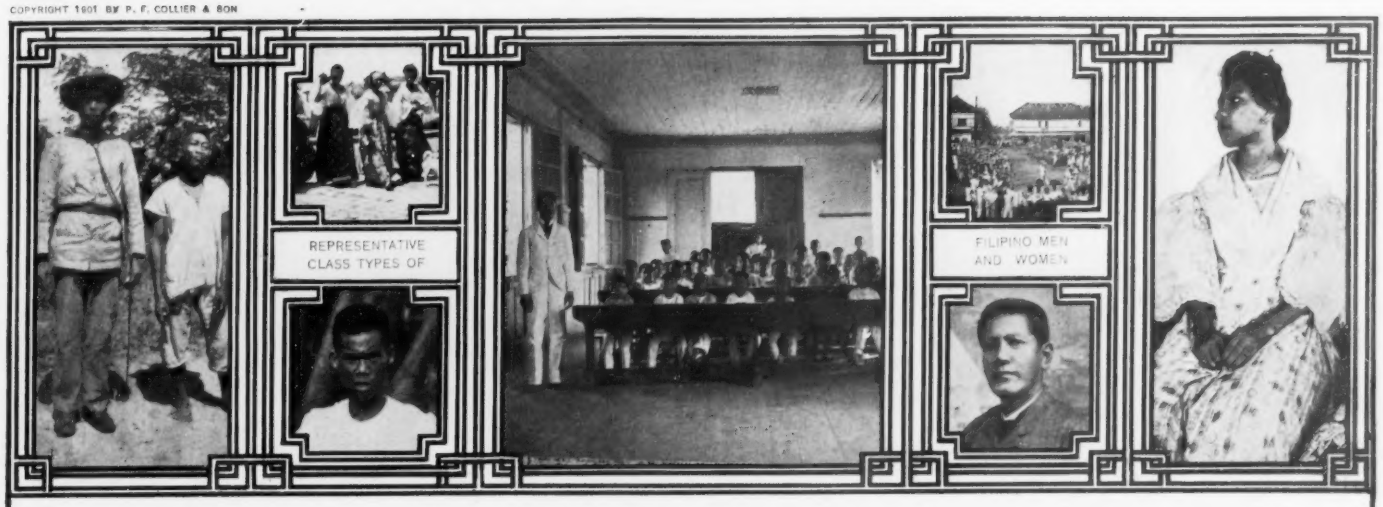

FILIPINOS AS AMERICAN CITIZENS

By PRESIDENT J. G. SCHURMAN, of Cornell University

(President of the First Commission to the Philippines)

AGUINALDO'S INFLUENCE OVERRATED

J. G. SCHURMAN
PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE CAPTURE of Aguinaldo has once more attracted attention to the Philippines. It is possible at once to make too little or too much of this brilliant exploit of Funston's. From a military point of view I do not expect very much from the capture. The insurgent leaders have been surrendering in considerable numbers and turning over thousands of rifles ever since the results of the Presidential elections became known in the archipelago. It is appropriate that Aguinaldo himself should now be added to this list. But he has been living in such isolation and exercising such slight control over other insurgent leaders that it is doubtful if the recommendations of his proclamation will now have much influence with them.

Take, for instance, General Lukban, who for the last two years has been the military boss of the island of Samar and who has so exploited it to his own enrichment that he now has a large bank account at Hong Kong. Nothing but the military force of the United States will suffice to dislodge him from this highly advantageous position. And there are other, though less important, leaders of robber bands who will maintain the same attitude.

Whether Aguinaldo's proclamation may not have some influence on the Filipino general Cailles, and other officers of Aguinaldo's original Tagalog army who still operate in the island of Luzon, is a different question. I am inclined to take a hopeful view of the results. In the main, it is true that the suppression of the insurgent forces in the Philippines has been due to the results of the elections and the determination of the American people as expressed in Congress to supply all the men and money needed for the complete establishment of American supremacy. The insurgents have come to understand this and are quite generally laying down arms. Aguinaldo's proclamation undoubtedly makes for the same result.

MAKE AGUINALDO GOVERNOR OF A PROVINCE

For my own part, I attach more value to Aguinaldo's attitude in connection with the future civil government of the archipelago. He shows a willingness to co-operate with the Americans in the establishment of an orderly, stable and free government. In the accomplishment of this task the United States must use suitable means. And if they are ready to co-operate with us, no better agents can be found than the men whom the insurgents selected as their leaders. These leaders have the confidence of the people and they possess the administrative gifts which qualified them for their positions. This is notably true of Aguinaldo himself.

For these reasons I have, since Aguinaldo's capture, felt convinced that just as soon as the government is satisfied of his sincerity, it would be a happy political stroke to make him governor of a Tagalog province. It is not an office in which he could exercise any military power. Yet his influence with the Tagalogs would make it easy for him to conduct a good government. And, after all, we desire nothing more. Such an appointment would also show the insurgents that we meant to fulfil our promise of giving them all the home rule with Philippine officials that they were capable of exercising.

This recommendation of mine regarding Aguinaldo has met with some criticism. Nevertheless, it is in line with the policy already adopted in appointing Jose Serapio, uncle of Aguinaldo, who surrendered to Lawton's forces, governor of Bulacan, and the insurgent general Delgado, who was long the terror of his district, governor of Iloilo. No policy could be happier for the pacification of the islands. And no illustration of it would be more conspicuous than the appointment of Aguinaldo.

THERE WAS NO "PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC"

Now that the paper balloon of Aguinaldo's government has been exploded, it seems appropriate to make some comment on the so-called "Philippine Republic." Many Americans believed that the people of Luzon, if not of the whole archipelago, formed for themsleves, on our destruction of Spanish supremacy, a popular government under the presidency of Aguinaldo, which the military power of the United States has since been engaged in wantonly and cruelly suppressing. It is highly creditable to the sense of honor and conscientiousness of our people that so many of them have been disturbed by this supposed aggression on a weak and confiding "sister republic." But it is less creditable to their knowledge and good sense. For, in fact, the conditions for the emergence of such a new, independent and sovereign state did not exist in the Philippines.

What, then, is the evidence which has led our people to the acceptance of so remarkable a legend? That evidence will be found, I think, to consist chiefly of certain proclamations of Aguinaldo and constitutions of his "republic." Now, whatever value these have as an indication of the acquaintance of a very small number of educated Filipinos with political science and the history of government, they are absolutely devoid of significance either as to the political attainments of the Philippine people or their attitude to the paper government which their self-constituted General, Dictator and President announced to the world.

Do not misunderstand me. I have said, over and over again, that you may find scattered all over the Philippine Islands natives who are as able, as well educated, as polite, courteous and refined as the best gentlemen of Europe or America. A large number of this class have enjoyed the advantage of training in European universities. They show, indeed, the capacity of their race. But to argue from them and their achievements to a like eminence for the masses of the people would be to make Li Hung Chang typical of the Chinese or Booker Washington of the negroes.

TREAT THEM SOMEWHAT AS INDIANS

In dealing with the subject of civil government, I must refer to an illusion which has darkened counsel on the Philippine question. This relates to the character, intelligence, governing capacity, aspirations and general condition of the inhabitants of the archipelago. We naturally judge others by ourselves, and the less we know of them the greater the assumed resemblances. It requires experience to make us aware of differences, and scientific training to make proper allowance for them. These have been wanting in the popular estimate of the Filipinos. A considerable section of our people, notably those whose imagination has been infected by ethical fervor, picture the Tagalog insurgents after the similitude of the American patriots of the days of the Revolution and Aguinaldo himself as a veritable George Washington.

Now this is simply ridiculous. The American colonists were Englishmen who for centuries had used and enjoyed liberties which the government of George III. invaded; they demanded nothing new; they fought merely for their ancient freedom, their immemorial rights. The Filipinos till yesterday were under the domination of Spain; and Spain found them a race of Malayan savages. At the time of the American Revolution I suppose the majority of them were not above the level of the American red man. Six million out of eight million of them have been civilized, in a way, by Spanish monks; but the masses, even of these, are still nearer the American Indian than the highly developed Saxon.

ANTI-IMPERIALISTS BEAT ROUND THE BUSH

In the Visayan Islands there are two and a half million people of the same tribe and language. This is the largest tribe in the archipelago, and it is significant that Negros, the richest of these islands, voluntarily accepted American sovereignty in 1899. The Visayans have always been rivals of the Tagalogs, who occupy the provinces of Luzon to the north, south and east of Manila.

In Luzon there are, besides the Tagalogs—who form less than half the civilized population—the Vicols, the Ilocanos, the Pangasinanes, the Pampangos, and the Cagayanes, to say nothing of the uncivilized tribes. They have different languages unintelligible to one another. Mr. Sargent, the naval cadet who made a trip through Northern Luzon in 1898, found that the languages of the different provinces were so different from one another that they must be separately studied to be understood; and he reports that in one province, although that party had at command five languages or dialects besides Spanish and Tagalog, they accosted a native to whom all were unintelligible. This confusion of tongues is at least a serious impediment, not only to the development of united self-government, but to the emergence of the fact and sentiment of nationality, which is its first condition.

These are facts which no rhetoric about the Philippine "nation" can alter. There is no Philippine nation, but only a number of different tribes, speaking different languages, with different social conditions, and, in the case of Mindanao, Sulu, and Palawan, different religions, different political organizations and, over large areas, an exchange of civilization for barbarism and savagery. What would the anti-imperialist do with those southern islands? The multitudinous heathen of Mindanao and Palawan, and the Mohammedans of Mindanao, Basilan, and Sulu have no affinities with the Christian Tagalogs of Luzon. If we withdrew, Germany or England would in all probability finish the job we had left behind. And as to Luzon and the Visayan islands even, you could not combine their heterogeneous elements into a single state under the rule of Aguinaldo. The anti-imperialist ignores the hard facts of the case.

UNITED STATES MUST RETAIN CONTROL

There is a great gulf between the political knowledge of a student like Mabini and the political capacity of the masses of the people or even of the educated minority, who are devoid of political training and experience. Under American sovereignty—and with American responsibility for the general government—the Filipinos may be intrusted, first, with home rule in their towns and then with home rule in their provinces. When they have learned to walk, they may begin to climb and soar. The services of the educated minority must be secured and utilized. As education spreads, as political experience ripens, the natives may be intrusted with an ever-increasing share in government—self-government as the goal being constantly kept in view.

But even at present, in addition to home rule in their municipalities and provinces, the Filipinos should have a share in the general government of the archipelago, the control of which, however, must be kept in American hands. My idea is a territorial form of government, with governor and other chief executive officers appointed by the United States and the legislature elected by the people of Luzon and the Visayas under a property and educational qualification. The southern islands—Mindanao, Basilan, the Sulu Archipelago, and Palawan—must continue to be governed through their sultans or datos or chieftains, with whom we have or must make agreements.

PUT THEM IN UNCLE SAM'S UNIFORM

While the direction of the general government of the Philippines must be in the hands of Americans, no large number of Americans will be needed either for civil or military service. The merit system of civil service, which the President has already put in force in the Philippines, is economical of officials, for it aims only at the public good. Good government being the result, the people are contented and only a small military force is necessary.

We shall need three or four dozen small gunboats of 250 to 500 tons to patrol the waters of the Philippines. These, however, will require but a very small number of men; and when peace and order are once thoroughly established, I believe we shall not need an army even as large as that maintained by Spain, and I see no reason why the great majority of the soldiers should not be Filipinos. There are so many different tribes in the archipelago that additional security can always be obtained by having native soldiers stationed among other tribes than their own. The economy of a native army is a strong recommendation in its favor; but even above this consideration I should put the satisfaction of the Philippine people at seeing their own sons in uniform under the American flag.

MUST HAVE A SEPARATE TARIFF

But while the government of the Philippines—always excluding the uncivilized southern islands inhabited by tribal Indians, whom we must continue to govern through their chieftains—may in this way be assimilated to the typical territorial government of the United States, there is one difference which it seems to me unavoidable that we should make. I refer to the difference of tariff. If the Supreme Court should decide that the clause of the Constitution which calls for uniformity of duties, imposts and excises throughout

SENOR ENTENZA, INTERPRETER DR. TAMAYO SENOR CAPOTE, PRESIDENT SENOR LLORENTE GEN. PORTUANDO GEN. BETANCOURT

THE DELEGATES FROM THE CUBAN CONVENTION—Members of the Committee appointed by the Cuban Constitutional Convention at Havana, for the purpose of conferring as a delegation with President McKinley, as they appeared at the time of their visit to Washington and New York, accompanied by their military escort

the States also applies to our new Philippine possessions, I will not say that an insuperable obstacle, but certainly a very serious one, will have been created in connection with the government of the Philippines.

It does not seem in any way feasible to assimilate the tariff of the Philippines to that of the United States. The tariffs to-day are as far apart as the corresponding economic, industrial and social conditions of the two countries. Two-thirds of the total value of the imports of the Philippines consists of rice, cotton yarn, nails and wire, steel rails, etc., petroleum, drugs and chemicals, paper, silk, spirits and still wines; and one has only to compare the Philippine duties on these commodities with the United States duties to perceive how fundamentally irreconcilable the tariffs appear to be.

Take rice, for example. It is the food of the Philippine people, and the duty on it is seventeen cents per hundredweight. The duty on rice in the United States is two dollars per hundredweight. Were the Philippine duty on rice assimilated to the American, there would be food riots throughout the archipelago. So long as the existing chasm remains between the economic and social conditions of the Philippines and of the United States, so long will it remain impracticable to identify their tariffs.

It may be recalled, too, that under the Treaty of Paris Spain is to enjoy for ten years equal advantage with the United States in the markets of the Philippines. Were the Philippine tariff assimilated to that of the United States, it would follow that Spain by way of the Philippines would enjoy free trade with the United States. And under the "most favored nation" clause of our treaties with other nations they, I suppose, would all claim the same advantage. I repeat, therefore, that if the Supreme Court should decide against diverse tariffs for the Philippines and the United States, the most difficult problem we have encountered in connection with the Philippines will have arisen.

ABOUT THE MONKS

Of all questions at present confronting the civil government of the Philippines the most important and perplexing is that of the friars. I say nothing of the aversion of the Philippine people to the friars as parish priests, though the demand for the expulsion of the friars, which has appeared in most if not all the platforms of recent insurrections, shows how deep-seated the feeling is.

The friars concern the American Government chiefly as corporations who hold property in the Philippine Islands. The Franciscans are not permitted to own any property excepting the convents and schools. But the Dominicans, Augustinians, and Recolletos own between them 403,000 acres, of which 121,000 acres are in the province of Cavité—a fact which helps to explain why that province has been a hotbed of insurrection since 1873.

Perhaps $450,000 (Mexican) may be set down as the maximum income which the friars ever derived from all their agricultural land. On these immense estates the friars paid no taxes, though the poorest Filipino who lived on them paid his cedula (or identification certificate) and worked out a road tax, or, if he were in business, paid his industrial impost. The friars, therefore, were regarded as a favored landlord class.

DISPOSSESS THE FRIARS BY PURCHASE OF PROPERTY

It is not for the government of the United States to suggest or prescribe how the Catholic Church shall administer its affairs in the Philippines. Undoubtedly it will offend and imbitter the Filipinos if the Spanish friars return to their parishes, and though our government will have no responsibility in the matter, the Filipinos will nevertheless think we are in collusion with the friars. Manifestly, therefore, it is to our interest that the friars should leave the archipelago. I do not imagine they would stay, now that American sovereignty has taken the place of Spanish sovereignty (for the friars are all Spaniards), if they could dispose of their agricultural lands on reasonable terms.

The solution, therefore, of the friar problem in the Philippines is the purchase of their estates. After consultation with representatives of the orders and others in the Philippines, I became convinced that the only wise and statesmanlike course to be adopted was for the Philippine Commonwealth (when a general civil-service government was established) to purchase at equitable prices the holdings of the friars. It would be unjust to confiscate them, though the feeling of the Tagalogs against the friars was so great that by the constitution of the so-called Philippine Republic the lands of the friars were actually confiscated.

Under the Treaty of Paris, by which we are bound, all property rights in the archipelago are protected. On the other hand, as I have already said, it is, from a political point of view, very important that the Spanish friars should not remain in the archipelago. They would undoubtedly be willing to sell lands now—for the conditions under American sovereignty will not be very favorable to them—at a reasonable, and perhaps at a low, price. When a general civil government for the Philippines is organized it would not probably be a difficult matter to have an agent of that government meet the representatives of the orders and agree on a fair figure for the purchase of their lands.

Should they refuse to sell at a fair figure, the right of eminent domain remains, condemnation proceedings might be instituted and the lands purchased at an equitable appraisal. But I do not believe such forcible proceedings will be necessary, as it is to the interest of the friars to dispose of the lands on such terms as they can, if these terms be at all reasonable.

This scheme of purchase by the State, I believe, I was the first to recommend, as I did recommend it in 1899 on my return from the Philippines. I am very glad to observe that the present Philippine Commission makes a similar recommendation.

SCHOOL-TEACHERS WANTED

As to the educational situation in the Philippines I may quote from a letter of March 6, 1901, which I received from Mr. Fred W. Atkinson, whom I advised to accept the position of Superintendent of Public Instruction to the Philippines. Mr. Atkinson writes that an educational law has been enacted based largely on one drafted by him. He says: "It authorizes an expenditure of two or three millions of dollars; it directs me to secure one thousand teachers from the United States, to appoint ten assistant superintendents, to establish a normal, a manual training, and an agricultural school. I have already cabled to the United States for about four thousand text-books (all in English), and for a large quantity of all kinds of school supplies."

Mr. Atkinson also confirms the report of the Commission of which I had the honor to be head as to the strong desire of the Philippine people for education and their extreme eagerness to learn English. And all Americans in the archipelago, he states, are as anxious as the Filipinos themselves to see schools established. The aim is nothing less than universal education.

I have on other occasions pointed out the coincidence between the political ideals of the leading Filipinos and the political practices, institutions and traditions of the United States. I have also said earlier in this article that a system of free schools for the people has been an important element in every programme of reforms. It is very encouraging that this ideal, ignored though it was by Spain, is so speedily to be realized under American sovereignty in the Philippines.

GOVERN NOW AS IF FOREVER

Whatever, at a far-distant day, may be the relations between the Philippine Islands and the United States, there is nothing for us to do to-day but to govern the archipelago "as if we were to govern it forever." And I have already indicated a form of government, liberal in itself and feasible under Philippine conditions, which I believe should be instituted in its entirety as soon as the pacification of the country has been effected, and which in its beginnings of municipal and provincial government is, with the direction of the President, being put into operation at the present time.

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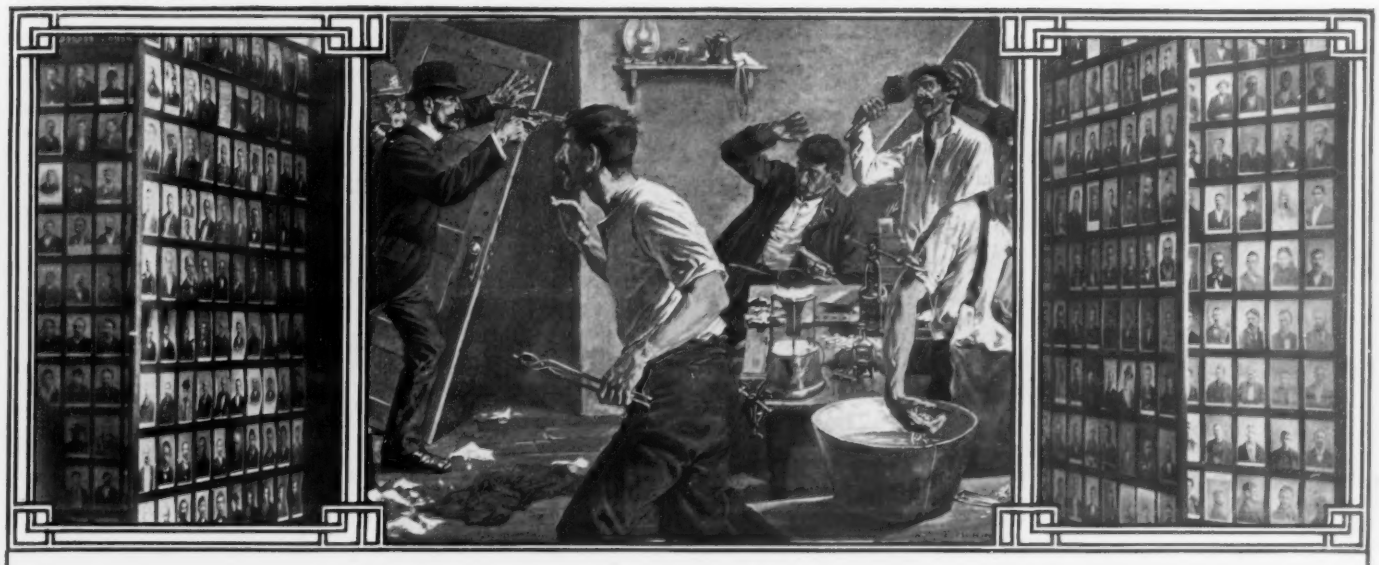

A FAMOUS CAPTURE OF A COUNTERFEITER

By JOHN E. WILKIE, Chief of the United States Secret Service

THE CHIEF AIM of the government when investigating a counterfeiting case is to locate the maker of the spurious money. "Dealers" and passers or "shovers," as they are called, are all well enough in their way, but in order to put an end to a particular conspiracy the "plant" and the maker must be found. As this is fully understood by the maker and those with whom he is associated, every precaution is taken to protect him. The government may work along for months patiently identifying and locating each member of a gang of coiners, always on the lookout for the "mill," find itself in the possession of sufficient evidence to convict all these people, and still be absolutely in the dark on the most important point of all. In such an emergency it becomes necessary to detail an expert operative to gradually work himself into the good graces of one or more members of the combination, pretend to join with them in their enterprise, and in some way gain the information essential to the successful conclusion of the case. Work of this character is technically termed "roping," and calls for unusual ability in the officer who undertakes it. He must be a good actor, quick of wit, courageous, and with a *sang-froid* which no surprise can disturb.

Something less than twenty years ago, when counterfeiting was a flourishing industry in the Central West, a Secret Service operative named Hobbs established a reputation as a daring and successful "roper," and when the old-timers in the service get together it isn't long before some one is reminded of some stirring incident in the early eighties in which "Bob" Hobbs played a star part. Perhaps one of the most famous of these achievements was the capture of Tom Comer down in Harrison County, Indiana, in 1883. The southern part of the State had been suffering for months from the operations of what was known as the "Houchin" gang. Hobbs and another operative named Killian had "roped in" with the Houchins and had learned that the supplies of coin were obtained from Comer, a native desperado who lived in an adjoining county. Killian, who was on intimate terms with the younger members of the family, had accompanied one of the boys to Comer's retreat, and from him Hobbs learned much of the local surroundings.

Captain Edward Abbott, now of the Cleveland district of the Secret Service Division, was in charge of the operations in Indiana at that time, and Hobbs and another officer were sent over to Huntingsburg to pick up a fellow named Phillips, who had been connected with the Houchins. It was his intention to then lay plans for the capture of Comer. However, it chanced that all his plans were upset by an unexpected incident. Hobbs and his partner captured the man they went after, and when they were about to take the train Hobbs insisted on remaining behind. "You take this fellow back to 'Cap' Abbott," he said to his companion, "and tell him that I have gone after Tom Comer and his wife. I'll get them or they'll get me. Tell him not to worry, and he can expect to hear from me in two or three days." Abbott was amazed when he received the young officer's message, and it was his opinion that Hobbs had gone to almost certain death. It seemed to be generally admitted among the officers that the only way to get Comer was to surprise and overpower him, and that, certainly, could not be done by one man. However, Hobbs was beyond the reach of a telegram, and Abbott could only hope against hope and wait for news.

Leaving the town behind him early the next morning, and following the road which had been minutely described to him by Killian, Hobbs proceeded through the woods skirting the highway until within five or six hundred yards of the Comer house. Then, by a detour, he approached the clearing "up the wind" to avoid giving the dogs any intimation of the presence of a stranger, and, climbing a tree from which he had a fair view of the place and its surroundings, awaited developments. Presently a man came leisurely along the highway, a shotgun carried easily in the hollow of his left arm, walked up the winding pathway, and entered the house. Hobbs knew instantly from the description given him by Killian that this tall, rugged native with the massive shoulders was Comer.

Scrambling down from his perch, Hobbs unpinned his official badge, placed it with his revolver and handcuffs in his handkerchief, and hid the bundle in the leaves at the foot of the tree, marking well its location. Then working his way around and back through the woods to Frenchtown, he had dinner, talked "timber," and loafed until the middle of the afternoon. Again he started for Comer's, this time boldly keeping the road, and on reaching the clearing turned up toward the house, giving a peculiar call which Killian had told him the Houchins invariably used. Comer instantly appeared in the doorway and, after a moment's hesitation, strolled down to meet the stranger. He was heavily armed, and regarded Hobbs with some uncertainty.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Why, Tom, don't you remember me? I'm Jack Houchin; I was down with Jess last year."

Comer wasn't at all sure that he did remember, and fingered a big revolver unpleasantly as he looked the young man over.

"Seems to me you've changed a good deal sense I seen you," he finally observed suspiciously.

Hobbs laughed easily. "Perhaps it's my mustache," said he. "The folks say it makes me look different. But you must remember how I came here with Jess—it was the day you went to get us some cider; you remember you tripped and fell and durn near broke your neck."

The suspicion faded from Comer's eyes, a grim smile lighted up his rugged face and his hand left his revolver. "'Deed I do remember that, but dog me if you ain't changed a heap sense then. Come on up to the house. Laura," addressing his wife, who stood in the doorway, "this is Jack Houchin. You wasn't home when him and Jess was over last fall. Make y'self to home, Jack, and tell us about the folks. How's biz?"

"Bad," said Hobbs, and he gave Comer a graphic description of the raid at Pikeville. He told him how Jess and the old man had been shot, and how one of the government's "devils" had "got it good"; how he had escaped by jumping through a rear window and hiding in the woods until daylight, and how he had come twenty miles by rail on a freight train and walked the rest of the way. Not a soul, he assured Comer, knew the source from which they had obtained their coin.

The counterfeiter sympathized with him, and assured him that he could not have sought a safer place. "They won't never get you here," he said. "We could clean out a whole regiment of 'em."

Hobbs retired, but not to sleep. He had been under a nervous strain all day and needed rest, but while he felt fairly certain that Comer's suspicions had been lulled, he dared not close his eyes. All through the night he lay with straining ears to catch any sound from below that might suggest a hostile move on the part of his host. The hours dragged on uneventfully, and daylight came to partially relieve his anxiety. Breakfast over, Comer took him into the room where he made his counterfeit coin and started in to finish up a batch for some customers in Tennessee. Mrs. Comer dropped in once or twice, and incidentally kept a sharp lookout down the road.

"Laura's as good as a man," said Comer admiringly, as he worked away at his coin. "Dogged if she ain't a match for any of 'em when it comes to scrappin' or shootin'."

Laura bridled consciously as Tom sang her praises. "Git out, Tom," she simpered.

"Well, you know it's so. Look at her, Jack."

Laura's physique quite justified the enthusiastic praise of her spouse. She was bigger than Hobbs, rawboned, with arms as hard as barrel staves, and a masculine way of going about her work that partly suggested her ability to give a good account of herself in any sort of rough-and-tumble "scraps."

Hobbs indorsed Comer's opinion of his better half, and vaguely wondered what would happen to him if Laura knew the truth and should get her hands on him. He joined her in the kitchen where she was bustling about, and moved over to where the gun hung on the wall. He took it down, balanced it, examined it critically and commented to Laura on the fact that it was a muzzle-loader. Laura opined that Tom would get one of the new-fangled breech-loaders some day, but that they were too expensive just at that time. As she stepped to the door for a look up the road, Hobbs removed the caps, spat on the nipples, replaced the bits of copper without being observed and hung the weapon in its accustomed place. A little later he suggested to Comer that he would like to see a paper, and read the account of the raid upon the Pikeville home. Tom said that about three o'clock he would go to Frenchtown and get one. Hobbs waited until Comer was about to start, and then inquired if he thought there would be any danger if he went, too.

"No," said Comer, "come on." And off they started together.

Before they had gone far Hobbs stopped. "Say, Tom," he remarked, "I've got a bottle of whiskey over here in the woods, where I buried it yesterday as I came up. Guess I'll go over and get it."

"All right," said Comer, no suspicion crossing his mind, "go git it an' I'll mosey along."

Hobbs hunted up his tree, regained possession of his revolver, handcuffs and badge, and followed on behind Comer. The desperado, all unconscious of impending trouble, strode along to town and walked into the post-office. Hobbs entered a minute or two later. There was no one in the place but Comer and the postmaster behind the counter. Tom turned to see who had come in, and found Hobbs looking at him over the sights of an ugly, long-barrelled revolver.

"Throw up your hands, Tom!" The officer's voice was as soft as a woman's, but there was death in his calm blue eyes. Comer's hands went up reluctantly, and the postmaster, who had taken in the situation at a glance, dropped behind the counter. Comer's face was a study. Rage, hatred, disgust and wickedness were clearly reflected as, with arms extended above his head, he glared at the little man at the other end of the pistol.

"What the hell does this mean, anyhow?" he demanded.

"It's a case of Uncle Sam, Tom. Turn round." Comer slowly pivoted. Hobbs felt for the revolver in the usual place, but there was none.

"They ain't no gun there," growled Tom. "Ef they had a ben, I'd—"

"Never mind what you would have done," interrupted Hobbs, "just you turn round again." Comer obeyed, and Hobbs tossed the handcuffs on the counter. "Put those on," directed Hobbs, "and see that you fit them tight."

Comer scowled, but slipped his wrists into the steel bracelets and snapped them.

"That's right. Hey! You behind the counter, come out here."

The postmaster emerged cautiously.

"Get me a piece of rope," commanded the officer; and when it was produced he bound Comer's ankles securely. "Now get some men in here to watch this fellow."

The three wondering citizens who returned with the postmaster were sworn in as guards, Hobbs exhibiting his credentials and giving them a brief history of Comer's counterfeiting operations, which had never been suspected by the villagers. When he had satisfied himself that they would not let the prisoner get away, Hobbs started back to the Comer home. As he reached the clearing he broke into a run, and began yelling at the top of his voice. Mrs. Comer's gaunt form appeared in the doorway.

"What's the matter?" she shouted.

"Bring the gun, quick!" panted Hobbs.

In response to this she came tearing down the path, handed him the gun and looked anxiously up the road. "What is it? Where are they?" she demanded.

Hobbs backed away a yard or two. "They're right here, Laura."

Laura looked down the yawning barrels of the gun and wilted. Hobbs marched her up to the house, secured the revolvers, gathered up the molds and something like fifteen hundred dollars in counterfeit coin—about all he could carry—walked Mrs. Comer to Frenchtown, and turned her over to the guards. Then, arranging for a reliable man to look after the Comer house until he could return, he hired a rig, loading his prisoners and booty into it, drove to Ramsay's station, and took a train for Huntingsburg, where he remained all night guarding the couple himself. The following day he left for Evansville, caught a train there for Indianapolis, and turned his prisoners over to Captain Abbott that evening. He had been continuously on duty from five o'clock Friday morning till nearly six Sunday evening—over sixty hours. Subsequently the prisoners signed written admissions that they had been carrying on counterfeiting for more than two years, and both went to the penitentiary. Hobbs remained in the service until 1885, and then resigned to embark in some business where there was less excitement and a better salary.

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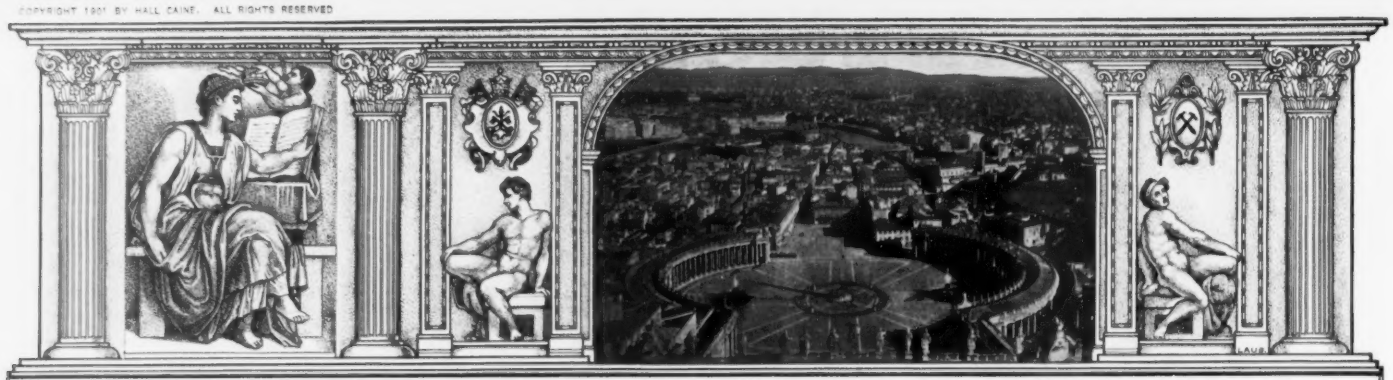


THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE

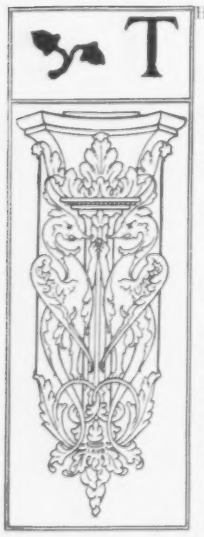
Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volonna, an exiled Italian living in London, adopts a boy compatriot, whom twenty years later we see in Rome as David Rossi, the noted anarchist leader. Roma, the Prince's daughter, resides there also, and scandal connects her name with that of Baron Bonnino, Prime Minister of Italy. David offends Roma, and at her instigation an attempt is made to compromise him gravely, but events bringing them closely together, they fall in love with each other. Meanwhile Rossi's decided opposition to violent methods earns him the distrust of his party, in a duel with one of whom he generously spares his antagonist's life. At a riotous meeting of Parliament David steps in between Bonnino and two anarchist members who have drawn revolvers. Rossi now delivers a message to Roma from her father, sent to David from Elba, where Prince Volonna had died. In the message the Prince states that he was decoyed back from England and then deported to Elba through the treachery of Bonnino, and he also begs David to rescue his daughter from the Baron. We next see a fashionable gathering at Roma's apartments, invited to look at some sculpture she has done. Sneering remarks are dropped about Rossi, which she overhears.

XI—(Continued)



THEN THE company went down the circular iron staircase to the studio, Roma walked first with her rapid step, talking nervously and laughing frequently.

The fountain stood in the middle of the floor and the guests gathered about it.

"Superb!" they exclaimed one after another. "Superb! Superb!"

The little Mayor was especially enthusiastic. He stood near to the Baron, and, holding up both hands, he cried:

"Marvellous! Miraculous! Fit to take its place beside the masterpieces of old Rome!"

"But surely this is 'Hamlet' without the prince," said the Baron. "You set out to make a fountain representing Christ and his twelve Apostles, and the only figure you leave unfinished is Christ Himself." He pointed to the central figure above the dish, which was merely shaped out and indicated.

"Not the only one, your Excellency," said Don Camillo. "Here is another unfinished figure—intended for Judas apparently."

"I left them to the last on purpose," said Roma. "They were so important and so difficult. But I have studies for both of them in the boudoir, and you shall give me your advice and opinion."

"The saint and the satyr, the God and the devil, the betrayed and the betrayer—what subjects for the chisel of the artist!" said Don Camillo.

"Just so," said the Mayor. "She must do the one with all the emotions of love, and the other with all the faculties of hate."

"Not that art," said Don Camillo, "has anything to do with life—that is to say, real life . . ."

"Why not?" said Roma sharply. "The artist has to live in the world, and he isn't blind. Therefore, why shouldn't he describe what he sees around him?"

"But is that art? If so, the artist is at liberty to give his views on religion and politics, and by the medium of his art he may even express his private feelings—return insults and wreak revenge."

"Certainly he may," said Roma; "the greatest artists have often done so." Saying this, she led the way upstairs and the others followed, with a chorus of hypocritical approval.

"It's only human, to say the least." "Of course it is!" "If she's a woman and can't speak out, or quarrel, or fight duels, it's a ladylike way at all events." And then further tittering, tapping of fans, and significant nods at Rossi when his back was turned.

Two busts stood on pedestals in the boudoir. One of them was covered with a damp cloth, the other with a muslin veil. Going up to the latter first, Roma said, with a slightly quavering voice:

"It was so difficult to do justice to the Christ that I am almost sorry I made the attempt. But it came easier when I began to think of some one who was being reviled and humiliated and degraded because he was poor and wasn't ashamed of it, and was always standing up for the weak and the downtrodden, and never returning anybody's insult however shameful and false and wicked, because he wasn't thinking of himself at all. So I got the best model I could in real life and this is the result."

With that she pulled off the muslin veil and revealed the sculptured head of David Rossi, in a snow-white plaster cast. The features expressed every nobleness, and every touch was a touch of sympathy and love.

A moment of chilling silence was followed by an underbreath of gossip. "Who is it?" "Christ, of course." "Oh, certainly, but it reminds me of some one." "Who can it be?" "The Pope?" "Why, no; don't you see who it is?" "Is it really?" "How shameful!" "How blasphemous!"

Roma stood looking on with a face lighted up by two flaming eyes. "I'm afraid you don't think I've done justice to my model," she said. "That's quite true. But perhaps my Judas will please you better," and she stepped up to the bust that was covered by the wet cloth. "I found this a difficult subject, also, and it was not until yesterday evening that I felt able to begin on it."

Then with a hand that trembled visibly she took from the wall the portrait of her father, and, offering it to the Minister, she said:

"Some one told me a story of duplicity and treachery—it was about this poor old gentleman, Baron—and then I knew what sort of person it was who betrayed his friend and Master for thirty pieces of silver, and listened to the hypocrisy and flattery and lying of the miserable group of parasites who crowded round him because he was a traitor, and because he kept the purse."

With that she threw off the damp cloth and revealed the clay model of a head. The face was unmistakable, but it expressed every baseness—cunning, arrogance, cruelty and sensuality.

The silence was freezing, and the company began to turn away and to mutter among themselves in order to cover their confusion. "It's the Baron!" "No?" "Yes." "Disgraceful!" "Disgusting!" "Shocking!" "A scarecrow!"

Roma watched them for a moment, and then she said, "You don't like my Judas? Neither do I. You're right—it *is* disgusting." And, taking up a little modelling tool, she cut the clay across, and the upper part of it fell face downward with a thud on to the floor.

The Princess, who stood by the side of the Baron, offered him her sympathy, and he answered with his icy smile:

"But these artists are all slightly insane, you know. That is an evil which must be patiently endured, without noticing too much the ludicrous side of it."

Then, stepping up to Roma and handing back the portrait, the Baron said, with a slight frown:

"I must thank you for a very amusing afternoon, and bid you good-day."

The others looked after him, and interpreted his departure according to their own feelings. "He's done with her," they whispered. "He'll pay her out for this." And without more ado they began to follow him.

Roma, flushed and excited, bowed to them as they went out one by one, with a politeness that was demonstrative to the point of caricature. She was saying farewell to them forever, and her face was lighted up with a look of triumphant joy. They tried to bear themselves bravely as they passed her, but her blazing eyes and sweeping courtesies made them feel as if they were being swept out of the house.

When they were all gone she shut the door with a bang, and then turning to David Rossi, who alone remained, she burst into a flood of hysterical tears and threw herself on to her knees at his feet.

XII

"DAVID!" she cried.

"Don't do that. Get up," he answered.

His thoughts were in a whirl. He had been standing aside, trembling for Roma as he had never trembled for himself in the hottest moments of his public life. And now he was alone with her, and his blood was beating in his breast in stabs.

"Haven't I done enough?" she cried. "You taunted me with my wealth, but I am as poor as you are now. Every penny I had in the world came from the Baron. He allowed me to use part of the revenues of my father's estates, but the income was under his own control, and now he will stop it altogether. I am in debt. I have always been in debt. That was my benefactor's way of reminding me of my dependence on his bounty. And now all I have will be sold to satisfy my creditors and I shall be turned out homeless."

"Roma . . ." he began, but her tears and passion bore down everything.

"House, furniture, presents, carriages, horses, everything will go soon, and I shall have nothing whatever. No matter! You said a woman loved ease and wealth and luxury. Is that all a woman loves? Is there nothing else in the world for any of us? Aren't you satisfied with me at last?"

"Roma," he answered, breathing hard, "don't talk like that. I cannot bear it."

But she did not listen. "You taunted me with being a woman," she said, through a fresh burst of tears. "A woman was incapable of friendship and sacrifices. She was intended to be a man's plaything. Do you think I want to be my husband's mistress? I want to be his wife, to share his fate whatever it may be, for good or for bad, for better or for worse."

"For God's sake, Roma!" he cried. But she broke in on him again:

"You taunted me with the dangers you had to go through, as if a woman must needs be an impediment to her husband and try to keep him back. Do you think I want my husband to do nothing? If he were content with that he would not be the man I had loved, and I should despise him and leave him."

"Roma . . ."

"Then you taunted me with the death that hangs over you. When you were gone I should be left to the mercy of the world. But that can never happen. Never! Do you think a woman can outlive the man she loves as I love you? . . . There! I've said it. You've shamed me into it."

He could not speak now. His words were choking in his throat, and she went on in a torrent of tears:

"The death that threatens you comes of no fault of yours, but only of your fidelity to my father. Therefore, I have a right to share it, and I will not live when you are dead."

"If I give way now," he thought, "all is over." And, clinching his hands behind his back to keep him from throwing his arms around her, he began in a low voice:

"Roma, you have broken your promise to me."

"I don't care," she interrupted. "I would break ten thousand promises. I deceived you. I confess it. I pretended to be reconciled to your will, and I was not reconciled. I wanted you to see me strip myself of all I had, that you might have no answer and excuse. Well, you have seen me do it, and now . . . what are you going to do *now?*"

"Roma," he began again, trembling all over, "there have been two men in me all this time, and one of them has been trying to protect you from the world and from yourself, while the other . . . the other has been wanting you to despise all his objections and trample them under your feet . . . If I could only believe that you know all you are doing, all the risk you are running, and the fate you are willing to share . . . but no, it is impossible."

"David," she cried, "you love me! If you didn't love me I should know it now—at this moment. But I am braver than you are . . ."

"Let me go. I cannot answer for myself."

"I am braver than you are, for I have not only stripped myself of all my possessions, but of all my friends. I have even compromised myself again and again, and been daring and audacious and rude to everybody for your sake . . . I, a woman . . . while you, a man . . . you are afraid . . . yes, afraid . . . you are a coward—that's it, a coward! . . . No, no, no! What am I saying? . . . David Leone!" And with a cry of passion and remorse she flung both arms about his neck.

He had stood up during this fierce struggle of love and pain holding himself in until his throbbing nerves could bear the strain no longer.

"Come to me, then—come to me!" he cried, and at the moment when she threw herself upon him he stretched out his arms to receive her.

"You do love me?" she said.

"Indeed yes! And you?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

He clasped her in his arms with redoubled ardor, and pressed her to his breast and kissed her. The love so long pent up was bursting out like a liberated cataract that sweeps the snow and the ice before it.

All at once the girl who had been so brave in the great battle of her love became weak and womanish in the moment of her victory. Under the warmth of his tenderness she dropped her head on to his breast to conceal her face in her shame.

"You will never think the worse of me?" she faltered.

"The worse of you! For loving me?"

"For telling you so, and forcing myself into your life?"

"My darling, no!"

They did not speak for a long time after that. There was no need for words. He was conquered, yet he was conqueror, and she was happy and at peace. The long fight was over, and everything was well.

He put her to sit in a chair, and sat himself on the arm of it, with his face to her face and her arms still round his neck. It was like a dream. She could scarcely believe it. He whom she had looked up to with adoration was caressing her. She was like a child in her joy, blushing and half afraid.

He ran his hand through her hair and kissed her forehead. She threw back her head that she might put her lips to his forehead in return, and he kissed her full round throat.

Then they exchanged rings as the sign of their eternal

union. When she put her diamond ring, set in gold, on to his finger he looked grave and even sad; but when he put his plain silver one on to hers she lifted up her glorified hand to the light and kissed and kissed it.

They began to talk in low tones, as if some one had been listening. It was the whispering of their hearts, for the angel of happy love has no voice louder than a whisper. She asked him to say again that he loved her, but as soon as he began to say it she stopped his mouth with a kiss.

They talked of their love. She was sure she had loved him before he loved her, and when he said that he had loved her always she protested that in that case he did not love her at all.

They talked of the pain of love. Did love always begin with pain? Love must be a twin thing, two spirits born in different breasts, and crying and crying until they come together. That union was the real beginning of the love-life, and all that went before it was but the agony of birth.

The church-bells began to ring the Ave Maria and they closed their eyes to listen. They wanted to remember this hour as the hour of the new birth of their love, so they clasped hands and dreamed themselves back into silence. But through the silence of their tongues the bells came laden with other voices. One bell was like the voice of a happy child playing in the morning sunshine; another bell was like the sweet voice of a boy in a choir, going up, up, up to the gate of heaven; a third bell was like a girl's voice calling across a meadow, fresh with the perfume of verdure and wild flowers; a fourth was like the voice of a sailor on the shore of a sunlit sea; and then the far-off boom of the big bell of St. Peter's was like the voice of the sea itself, telling of the lovers who were lost in its depths. But all the bells of Rome were ringing for them, and the Ave Maria was their own.

They rose at length to close the windows, and, side by side, his arm about her waist, her head leaning lightly on his shoulder, they stood for a moment looking out. The mother of cities lay below in its lightsome whiteness, and over the ridge of its encircling hills the glow of the departing sun was rising in vaporous tints of amber and crimson into the transparent blue, with the dome of St. Peter's, like a celestial balloon, ready to rise into a celestial sky.

"A storm is coming," he said, looking at the colors in the sunset.

"It has come and gone," she whispered, and then his arm folded her closer about her waist.

It took him half an hour to say adieu. After the last kiss and the last handshake, their arms would stretch out to the utmost limit and then swirl round to another and another and yet another embrace.

When at length he was gone she ran into her bedroom to look at her face in the glass. The golden complexion was heightened by a bright spot on either cheek, and a tear-drop was glistening in the corner of each of her eyes.

She went back to the boudoir. David Rossi was no longer there, but the room seemed to be full of his presence. She sat in the chair again, and again she stood by the window. At length she opened her desk and wrote a letter.

"Dearest," she wrote, "you are only half an hour gone and here I am sending this letter after you, like a handkerchief you have forgotten. I have one or two things to say, quite matter-of-fact and simple things, but I cannot think of them sensibly for joy of the certainty that you love me. Of course, I knew it all the time, but I couldn't be at ease until I had heard it from your own lips, and now I feel almost afraid of my great happiness. How wonderful it seems! And like all events that are long expected, how suddenly it has happened in the end! To think that a month ago—only a little month—you and I were both in Rome, within a mile of each other, breathing the same air, inclosed by the same cloud, kissed by the same sunshine, and yet we didn't know it!

"Oh, my dear, sweet sisters, you who are living joyless and uncaressed, don't lose heart. Just another moment, just the turn of a corner somewhere, and his eyes will meet yours, and you will be happy, happy, happy!

"Soberly, though, I want you to understand that I meant all I said so savagely about going on with your work, and not letting your anxiety about my welfare interfere with you. I am really one of the women who think that a wife should further a man's aims in life if she can, and if she can't do that she should stand aside and not impede him. So go on, dear heart, without fear for me. I will take care of myself whatever occurs. Don't let one hour or one act of your life be troubled by the thought of what would happen to me if you should fall. Dearest, I am your beloved, but I am your soldier also, ready and waiting to follow where my captain calls.

"'Teach me, only teach, Love!
As I ought,
I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought.'

"And if I was not half afraid that you would think it bolder than is modest in your bride-to-be, I would go on with the next lines of my sweet quotation.

"Another thing. You went away without saying you forgive me for the wicked duplicity I practiced upon you. It was very wrong, I suppose, and yet for my life I cannot get up any real contrition on the subject. There's always some duplicity in a woman. It is the badge of every daughter of Eve, and it must come out somewhere. In my case it came out in loving you to all the lengths and ends of love, and drawing you on to loving me. I ought to be ashamed, but I'm not, I'm glad.

"I *did* love first, and of course I knew you from the beginning, and when you wrote about being in love with some one, I knew quite well you meant me. But it was so delicious to pretend not to know, to come near and then to sheer off again, to touch and then to fly, to tempt you and then to cut away, until a strong tide rushed at me and overwhelmed me and I was swooning in your arms at last.

"The Minghetti matter is an alarming affair, for I have reason to believe that the man has lighted on the name you bore in England, and that when he returns to Rome he will try to fix it upon you by means of me. This is fearful to contemplate, and my heart quakes to think of it. But happily there is a way to checkmate such a devilish design, and it is within your own power to save me from lifelong remorse.

"I don't think the laws of any civilized country compel a man's *wife* to compromise him, and thinking of this gives me courage to be unmaidenly and say, 'Don't let it be long, dearest! I could die to bring it to pass in a moment. With all my great, great happiness I shall have the heartache until it is done, and only when it is over shall I begin to live!'

"There! You didn't know what a forward hussy I could be if I tried, and really I have been surprised at myself since I began to be in love with you. For weeks and weeks I have been thin and haggard and ugly, and only to-day I begin to be a little beautiful. I couldn't be anything but beautiful to-day, and I've been running to the glass to look at myself, as the only way to understand why you love me at all. And I'm glad—so glad for your sake.

"Good-by, dearest! You cannot come to-morrow or the next day, and what a lot I shall have to live before I see you again! Shall I look older? No, for thinking of you makes me feel younger and younger every minute. How old are you? Thirty-four? I'm twenty-four and a half, and that is just right, but if you think I ought to be nearer your age I'll wear a bonnet and fasten it with a bow.

"Oh, my dear, dear heart!—ROMA.

"P.S.—Don't delay the momentous matter. Don't! Don't! Don't!"

She dined alone that night that she might be undisturbed in her thoughts of Rossi. Ordinary existence had almost disappeared from her consciousness, and every time Felice spoke as he served the dishes his voice seemed to come from far away.

She went to bed early, but it was late before she slept. For a long time she lay awake to think over all that had happened, and when the night was far gone, and she tried to fall asleep in order to dream of it also, she could not do so for sheer delight of the prospect. But at last, amid the gathering clouds of sleep, she said "Good-night" with the ghost of a kiss, and slept until morning.

When she awoke it was late and the sun was shining into the room. She lay on her back and stretched out both arms for sheer sweetness of the sensation of health and love. Everything was well, and she was very happy. Thinking of yesterday, she was even sorry for the Baron and told herself she had been too bold and daring.

But that thought was gone in a moment. Body and soul were suffused with joy, and she leaped out of bed with a spring.

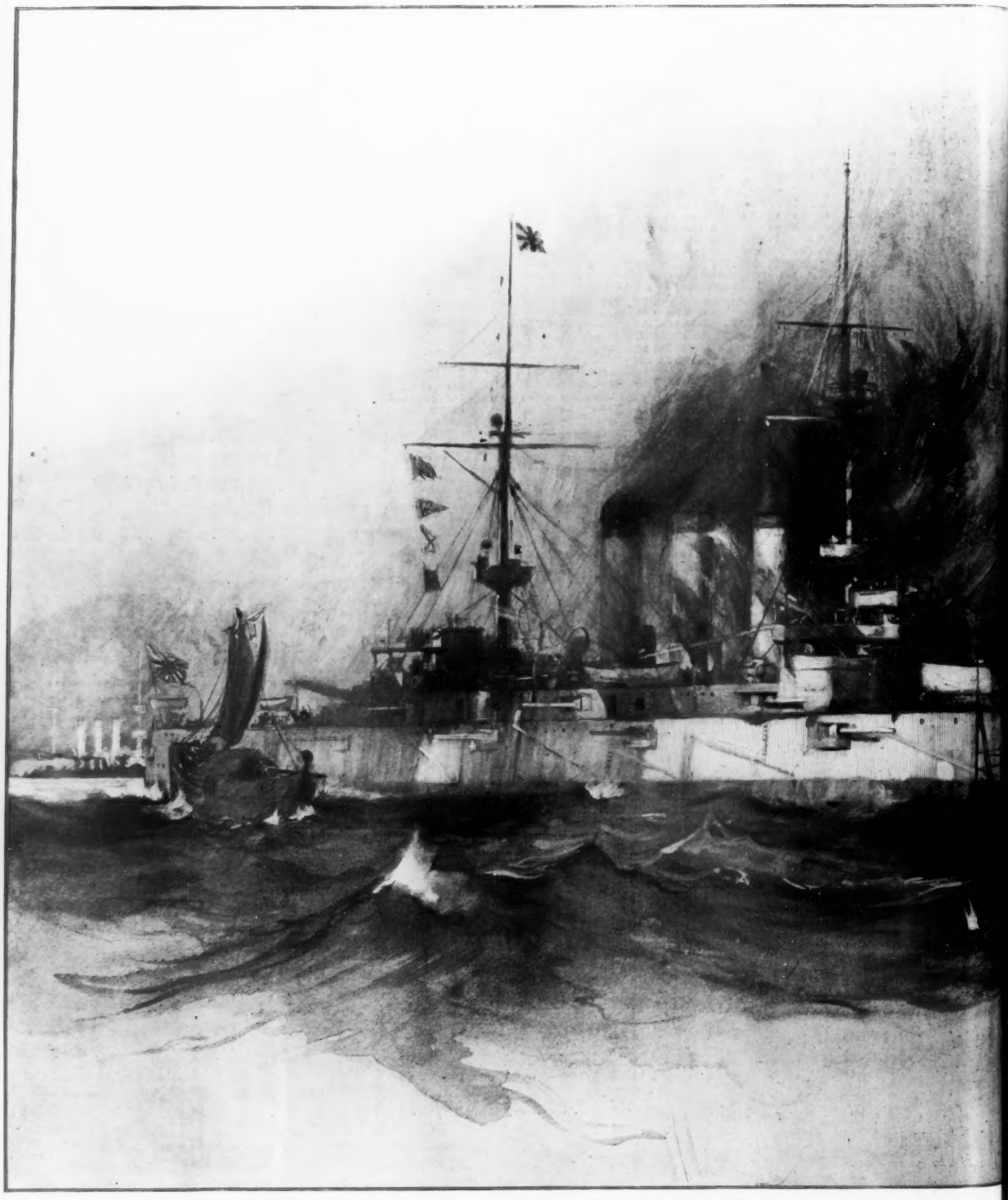
A moment afterward Nattalina came with a letter. It was from the Baron himself and it was dated the day before:

"DEAR ROMA—Minghetti has returned from London, and therefore I must see you to-morrow at eleven o'clock. Be so good as to be at home, and to give orders that for half an hour at least we shall be quite alone."

Then the sun went out, the air grew dull, and darkness fell over all the world.

END OF PART FOUR

"YOU ARE AFRAID . . . YES, AFRAID . . . YOU ARE A COWARD—THAT'S IT, A COWARD!"



THE "HATSUSE"

THE JAPANESE BATTLESHIP "HATSUSE"—THE LATES

THE JAPANESE NAVY IS THE NEWEST IN THE WORLD. NO NAVY IS SO ANXIOUS FOR THE POS-SESSION OF KILLING MACHINES OR AIDS TO KILLING AS THE JAPANESE—ESPECIALLY IN THESE TROUBLOUS TIMES. IN A WORD, IT IS UP-TO-DATE, ESSENTIALLY MODERN, AND WITHOUT THE CLOG OF OFFICERS REARED UNDER ANOTHER REGIME, THE DRAG THAT SO IMPEDES PROG-RESS IN ALL OTHER FLEETS. THE NEW BATTLESHIP "HATSUSE," WITH THE BATTLESHIPS "MIKASA," "ASAHI," AND "SHIKISHIMA," WILL FORM THE NUCLEUS OF THE JAPANESE NAVY.

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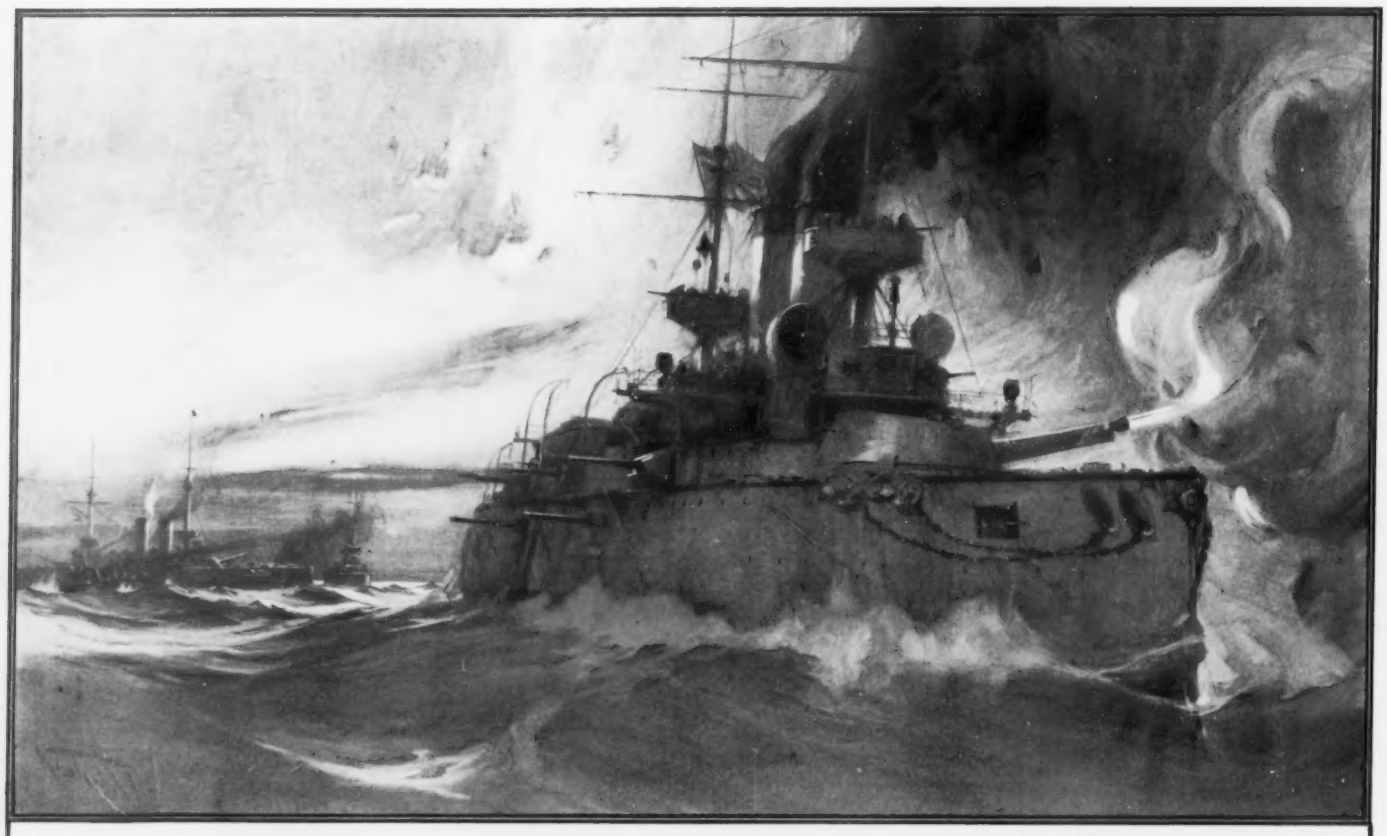

THE JAPANESE NAVY

By FRED. T. JANE, Author of "All The World's Fighting Ships," "The Imperial Russian Navy," Etc., Etc.
Illustrated by HENRY REUTERDAHL

NAVIES OF THE WORLD SERIES

MR. HENRY REUTERDAHL, the American marine artist, was sent to Europe to prepare a series of drawings for COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which have appeared from time to time under the general head of "Navies of the World." The articles accompanying these notable drawings are written by the foremost naval experts of Europe and America—Fred. T. Jane, the English naval writer, author of "The Imperial Russian Navy," etc.; H. W. Wilson, another English naval expert, author of the standard history of the Spanish war, "The Downfall of Spain"; and others of equal ability. The articles of the Series published to date include "Naval Life Abroad," "The British Navy," and "The Bulwarks of the Nation" (United States).

THE JAPANESE NAVY is the newest in the world. No navy is so anxious for the possession of killing machines or aids to killing as the Japanese. In a word, it is up-to-date, essentially modern, essentially without the clog of officers reared under another regime, the drag that so impedes progress in all other fleets.

The history of Japan, and of how its present navy is in a sense the direct sequel to Commodore Perry's famous expedition, is too well known by now to need repetition here; it suffices that America opened up Japan. American, too, was the first Japanese armorclad, the *Adzuma*, formerly the notorious Confederate ram *Stonewall Jackson*. (This ship is now a hulk, and must not be confounded with the new armored cruiser *Adzuma*, on board of which Mr. Reuterdahl made several of his sketches.)

The prime peculiarity of the Japanese navy is that it is chiefly manned by the Samurai, descendants of the old fighting men, a sort of middle class who scorned, and still scorn, trade and manual labor, even if they be next door to beggars. All these have gone into the navy—the rich ones are officers, the poor ones bluejackets. Many of the men are therefore by social caste the equals of their officers, a fact that often gives an impression of lack of discipline; for, off duty, officers and men may at times be seen in friendly intercourse. Others of the men are not Samurai. These the Samurai all despise; Western ideas have not yet destroyed caste feeling.

All Japanese officers are "keen"—their profession is the business of their lives. In a way they are too keen, because they are a little apt to neglect the present for the future. They are full of notions as to what they will do when they are senior officers; and they are usually convinced that they could perform their admirals' duties a good deal more satisfactorily than the admirals. It is the price, maybe, of excessive "keenness."

For countless generations a Samurai carried his life in his hands. This must tell on his descendants, and it does in many ways. Every Jap officer has a sort of secret hankering after being killed or wounded. He is jealous of those who have been in action, violently jealous of those who have been wounded. It is not the jealousy induced by the desire to shine more than some other man; it is simply a jealousy of luck. For instance, at Wei-hai-Wei some famous torpedo attacks were made. Some boats succeeded, some failed; but no officer who succeeded has ever sought credit for himself because of it. Indeed, it is hardly known who failed and who succeeded, because those who went through it said: "All were equally brave, but some were lucky, some not. Let us be silent as to the luck, and give to all who were equally brave equal glory." It is a very fine sentiment. Some of the unlucky ones did not, however, take their bad luck well. In one boat the torpedoes got frozen into the tubes and could not be fired. The torpedo gunner of that boat elected to consider that this was his blame, not nature's, and next day he committed suicide by hara-kiri, because he—of the old Samurai creed—was disgraced. It is not a solitary instance. Pretty tough fighting material should these men make.

THE JAPANESE NAVY IS MANNED BY THE SAMURAI—FIGHTING MEN

The Japanese are wonderfully apt learners, they will pick up anything almost immediately. They fail, however, in initiative; they are brave rather than clever. They may, however, outgrow their tendency to stick to the drill book. It is related that in the Chino-Japanese war the Japs attacked some place in Formosa. It was excellently fortified, but the Chinese commander, being anxious to fight again another day, merely loaded his guns and withdrew, leaving only a few men to discharge the loaded guns. At eight in the morning the Jap fleet opened fire. The Chinese rearguard let off the guns and bolted. At 2 P.M.—six hours later—the Jap fleet stopped firing! The incident could be explained away, but these are the bald facts.

After the bombardment the Japanese landed on a sandy beach, a mile or more wide. It could hardly have hidden a flea; but it was systematically searched for hidden Chinamen as per drill-book directions for landing where hiding-places might exist. At nightfall the forts were rushed, and, of course, found empty. Very possibly the drill was useful; but a little initiative would have saved much time.

It was in connection with this expedition that a Japanese naval officer, describing some other experiences, said to me: "Nothing could be more amusing than to see the soldiers who were with us doubled up with cholera by the roadside." Probably, however, despite the (from a military standpoint) fine absence of sentiment in the Japanese, the word "amusing" was not used in our sense of the word—though it spoils a good story to say so.

The Japanese uniform is very like the British, though it is under contemplation to do away with the curl to the stripes on the sleeves and substitute some Oriental insignia. The reason given is that the curl has some religious significance—which is news to the English!

Japanese naval officers are very polite; quite as much so as Frenchmen. It may go no deeper; but taking both as one finds them the Japanese has all the advantage of the comparison. If you are talking to a Jap officer and pronounce the name of his ship wrongly, ten to one he will make a point of pronouncing it wrongly, too, out of politeness. The funniest story I ever heard of Japanese politeness is as follows: It was in Australian waters, and the officers had no previous acquaintance with Western customs. A British ship called on them, and they returned the call at eight in the morning. It is, or was, Japanese etiquette in calling to stay until you get a

hint to go. They stayed and stayed, well on into the afternoon, till at last one of the Britishers, anxious to go ashore, apologized for leaving them. With a bow, the spokesman of the Japs rose, and asked whether, since they ought to have been busy that day, they might be allowed to take this as a hint to go. Presumably explanations followed.

On another occasion these Japs went up country and were given tea. A large plate of cake was offered to the captain; ignorant of Western customs, he took it as a gift, and, fearful of appearing impolite, ate the lot! These, of course, were untravelled Japanese. The incidents have their funny side, but they also have a point as regards the politeness of Japanese naval officers. Westerners in Japan probably do some things that look as funny to the natives, but few, if any, would carry them through from sheer politeness.

Bluejackets in the Japanese navy are often tall, fine men. Tall officers are very rare (though I have met one or two), but at least a third of the Japanese bluejackets compare well in physique with those of any other nation, except, perhaps, Russia, where big men are the rule. The Jap bluejacket is a curious creature altogether. As a rule, he is quiet or sober, but if he does get drunk there is a fair probability of some officer being knifed. He will never take a tip for any service, and repudiates it angrily. If he were to accept it his fellows would make his life a hell: it is contrary to their ideas that a man should be tipped for anything that is, after all, in the way of duty. In Japan his pay is roughly twenty-five cents a day; in Western lands this pay is trebled to allow for the different cost of living. He always has money in his pocket, and spends it very freely. I have been in a book-shop and seen a Japanese sailor come in and produce a five-pound note to pay for a purchase of some book of Mahan's. He had made other purchases elsewhere, and had them with him—a Jews'-harp, a silver-mounted dressing-case, a red silk handkerchief and a top hat! These are the directions in which the purchasing fancies of Jap bluejackets usually run.

Japanese bluejackets are not over and above brave; at least they are not so characteristically courageous as the officers, unless they are Samurai. If taken from the lower classes they do not make bloodthirsty sailors, nor—so their officers say—are they such good sailors as Chinamen. They are prone to get too excited. Unlike the officers, nearly all the bluejackets have some religion; some are Christians, but the most Buddhists or Shinto. This, perhaps, is why, despite their intense modernity, they have their superstitions. They have as many as any sailors. When their battleship *Asahi* (the name of this ship means "the rising sun"—the emblem of Japan)—the biggest in the world, by the way—went ashore at Portsmouth, the sailors fastened the blame upon a pot of ivy that grew in the wardroom; and that ivy had to go overboard.

Buddhist sailors waive their religion to the extent of eating meat: the men indeed live entirely on Western foods, though they cook it with rice in Japanese style. The officers have a compromise, two meals Japanese and one Western fashion on one day, *vice versâ* the next, and so on.

The naval service in Japan is by conscription, nominally; actually, however, it is a volunteer service, taking only about a third of those who wish to join it. Naval cadets are entered at a somewhat late age, and sub-lieutenants of from three to five-and-twenty are not uncommon. After that, however, promotion is fairly rapid. There is only one full admiral—Ito of Yalu fame; the rank was specially created for him. The chief of the Admiralty is Vice-Admiral Yamomoto Gombey.

A little space may be devoted to the ships of the Japanese navy, some of the ironclads being the heaviest and most powerful in existence. The Japs appear to have taken the British design and decided to improve on it, and, ship for ship, they have undoubtedly done so. All their big battleships hail from British dockyards: the *Yashima* and *Hatsuse* from Elswick, the *Fuji* and *Shikishima* from the Thames, the *Asahi* from Clydebank, and the *Mikasa* from Vickers, Maxim & Co. In armored cruisers they have been more catholic. The design for the six was prepared in Japan and modified by the builders. Elswick has turned out four of them, and each carries a couple of guns more than in the original design. One was built in France, the *Adzuma*, and the sixth in Germany; this last, the *Yakumo*, being the only one built according to the original conception. Of second-class cruisers, American yards have built two—the *Kasagi* and *Chitose*; France built many of the earlier ones, including the famous *Matsushima*. England built the later ones.

Japan is now able to build her own unarmored warships. For some years she has built vessels, but the building till recently was merely the putting together of imported material. Now, however, two small cruisers, the *Suma* and *Akasaki*, have been entirely constructed in Japan by Japanese labor alone, though it is said that "stand-by" men—Western engineers who have made their homes in Japan, and are to all intents and purposes naturalized Japanese—are often behind the scenes in many of the new factories. Afloat, however, there are no foreigners.

When one gets to know the Japanese well, and mixes much with them on shipboard, a very curious fact is gradually observed. The Japanese navy is, in many ways, like an Oriental adaptation of one of Captain Marryat's sea novels. The reason is this: The trainer who left most impress on Japanese officers was a British captain of the old school, and he left a most decided mark in matters of etiquette. On boarding a British warship, or on coming up on deck aft, etiquette demands a salute to the quarter-deck to this day; but on board a Japanese ship one has to salute most things. The bridge is saluted, the captain's door is saluted, and half a dozen other important places. They did that on the British fleet in Marryat's day. Between officers on duty any amount of punctilious etiquette has to be observed. Off duty it is quite the other way, and there is a general impression of happy-go-lucky demeanor. The combination suggests "Peter Simple" and other of Marryat's classics. A Japanese admiral off duty, however, becomes a human being—wherein he differs hugely from the British variant, who will try to carry as much of his pomp into the next world as possible, let alone making the most of it in this.

I cannot quit the subject of the Japanese navy without a word concerning their "At Homes." These are peculiar to the Japs. The whole crew turn to and make wonderful paper flowers, at times even running to quite large flowering bushes. With these they transform the entire upper deck into a flower garden, and so realistically is it sometimes done that a stranger suddenly placed on board would never guess that he was in a ship. Theatricals from old Japanese history (rather dull to Western audiences) till up the afternoon, but the hosts are so obviously bent on giving pleasure, and so obviously happy in the attempt, that the guests are infected. At the end of the affair lady guests are presented with bouquets of the paper flowers as a memento of the day.

THE HOSPITAL GATE

We sit here listlessly and watch the sun
Creeping along the boards beneath our feet.
We are the convalescents—they have done
All that they may for us. There, from the street,
People gaze upward at our balcony.
Idlers against the railings lounge and wait
Till some grim sight reward expectancy.
Oh, that we, too, were there beyond the gate!

Barred like a fortress. (If one could shut out
Suffering, as from the world one shuts it in
Behind closed doors!) Here we are walled about
And set apart for pain. Our nearest kin
Have of us, piteous, only sight and sound
Twice in a week's time as the rules dictate.
Some of us die before the day comes round.
Death's rules are rigid, too, behind the gate!

Easy to enter. Hear the clanging gong!
The fourfold beat of flying hoofs—and see
The gates swing open. Room there in the throng!
Make way for human life in jeopardy!
Easy the entrance. "Step together, men!"
Slow the return, yet do we all pass through—
Some by this gateway to old homes again,
Some by a narrower gateway to the new.

—Caroline Duer.

FOOD

FEET OUT.

Curious Habits.

When a person has to keep the feet out from under cover during the coldest nights in winter because of the heat and prickly sensation, it is time that coffee, which causes the trouble, be left off.

There is no end to the nervous conditions that coffee will produce. It shows in one way in one person and in another way in another. In this case the lady lived in Vermillion, S. Dakota.

She says, "I have had to lie awake half the night with my feet and limbs out of the bed on the coldest nights, and feel afraid to sleep for fear of catching cold. I had been troubled for years with twitching and jerking of the lower limbs, and for most of the time I have been unable to go to church or to lectures because of that awful feeling that I must keep on the move.

When it was brought to my attention that coffee caused so many nervous diseases, I concluded to drop coffee and take Postum Food Coffee to see if my trouble was caused by coffee drinking. I only drank one cup of coffee for breakfast, but that was enough to do the business for me. When I quit it my troubles disappeared in an almost miraculous way. Now I have no more of the jerking and twitching and can sleep with any amount of bedding over me and sleep all night, in sound, peaceful rest.

Postum Food Coffee is absolutely worth its weight in gold to me." This lady's name can be given on application to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

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"It's all in the Lens"

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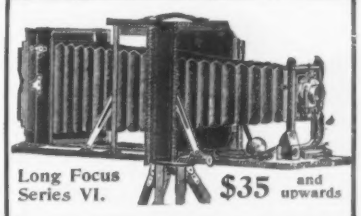

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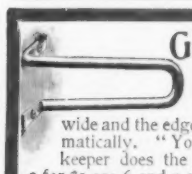

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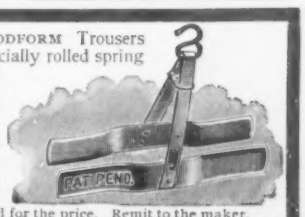

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WOMEN'S SHARE IN THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

IN THESE days no large enterprise of a combined commercial and social character is successfully carried on without the co-operation of women. So far as work is concerned women have advanced a step since they were contented to have their productions judged and tolerated on a sort of sex basis; they now claim to be considered as workers merely, not as female workers, to whom something must be conceded. Nevertheless, the share of women in the exposition at Buffalo is, as usual, important, and woman's tendering of gracious hospitality in the coming summer, will not be slighted nor unappreciated by thousands of guests.

The Woman's Building at Buffalo will be the headquarters of the Board of Women Managers, who will cordially welcome representatives of the numerous organizations of women, which now number legions all over the land. These managers are conspicuous representatives of the brains and culture of their native city.

Mrs. William Hamlin, the president of the Board of Women Managers, is the unanimous choice for president, by reason of her executive ability. With a heart responsive to the claims of the needy, Mrs. Hamlin devotes a great part of her time to philanthropic work, and is president of the Ladies' Hospital Association.

The vice-president, Mrs. William Rogers, actively connected with various literary and educational organizations of Buffalo, is a charter member of the Buffalo Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. A descendant of Governor Jonathan Trumbull, and daughter of Professor Silliman of Yale, Mrs. Rogers possesses many sterling traits inherited from New England ancestors.

MRS. ADELBERT MOOT MISS MARION DE FOREST MRS. ALFRED HAUENSTEIN MRS. WILLIAM HAMLIN

The secretary, Miss Marion De Forest, is a graduate of the Buffalo Seminary, a charter member as well as the treasurer of a literary club called the Scribblers. Miss De Forest is connected with the Buffalo "Commercial," being the dramatic critic, and is also in charge of other department work, and a frequent contributor to the press.

Mrs. John Miller Horton, chairman on Entertainments and Ceremonies, noted for her grace of manner and person, is well fitted to enhance the charms of Buffalo by her warm welcome tendered to the Daughters of the American Revolution throughout the land, as well as to other visitors. Mrs. Horton is the vice-regent of the Buffalo Chapter, which, next to the New York City Chapter, is the largest in the State, and the third largest in the entire organization. Years of travel abroad have enriched her mind and added to her accomplishments, and Mrs. Horton is a social leader in the Queen City of the Lakes.

Mrs. Charles Cary, chairman of the Committee on Fine Arts, designed the artistic poster, the "Spirit of Niagara," adopted officially by the Pan-American Exposition. Formerly president of the Buffalo Society of Artists, her protraits are greatly admired.

Dr. Ida Bender, chairman of the Committee on Education, a native of Buffalo, a graduate of the medical department of the University of Buffalo, at one time principal of the Buffalo State Normal School, is now a director of the Scribblers, and president of the Women Teachers' Association.

Mrs. Adelbert Moot, chairman of the Committee on Clubs and Organizations, formerly a well-known teacher, since her marriage has made Buffalo her home, and is actively interested in the Free Kindergarten Association, Twentieth Century Club, and the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, being one of the directors of the last organization.

Mrs. Alfred Hauenstein, chairman of the Committee on Publicity and Promotion, a lyric poet and well-known writer, president of the Women's Christian Association, a woman of wide sympathies and possessed of literary gifts, is well qualified to fill her present position.

Interested in charitalde work, a graduate of the Maplewood Institute, Mrs. Tracy Becker, chairman of the Committee on Applied Arts, is a member of the Buffalo Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, as are many other members of the board.

The fourteenth of June, Flag Day, will be devoted to the D. A. R. and the recently elected president-general, Mrs. Charles Fairbanks. Senator Fairbanks and other distinguished guests are expected to attend that patriotic celebration. MARY E. SPRINGER.

THE HEALTH OF THE BUSINESS WOMAN

IT IS to be hoped that by the time another decade shall have passed, the woman who enters the business arena will have realized that the best part of her stock in trade is her health, and will cherish it accordingly.

None but the prejudiced will deny that while in the prolonged endurance of physical strain woman far outstrips man, in the possession of petty illnesses she likewise outstrips him. Headaches, backaches, colds, neuralgia, pains here, there, everywhere, will appear among women ten times as often as among men. So well-grounded is this statement that women have actually grown to think it an evil to be suffered rather than corrected. Nevertheless, while petty ailments are certainly a real physical failing of the sex, and not by any means the result merely of nervous imagination, there is everything to prove that the greater proportion of them are avoidable.

"Care for myself in the office!" indignantly exclaims one of those afflicted. "Every one that comes in leaves the door open behind me, and I sit and shiver." "Care for myself!" exclaims another. "Why, I had to go out on an errand the other day for one of the firm, and got my feet soaking wet, and then I had to sit all the rest of the day with wet feet. Could I take off my shoes and stockings and dry them by the office fire, I'd like to know?"

Both of these protests show that it is absolutely obligatory on the part of every business woman to look after her own health. This she owes not only to herself, but to her employer.

THOU SHALT NOT CATCH COLD

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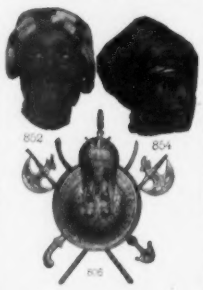

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appear each morning clad as she was the day before, and to return each night grumbling because she feels wretched. If a woman knows that she is daily to be subjected to draughts at her back she should dress accordingly. She cannot expect her employer to make changes to suit her idiosyncrasies of constitution, but must herself change to suit existing facts. She should keep at hand a cape or light warp, which can be thrown over her shoulders at a moment's notice. The great trouble is that the employe will probably don the wrap with the air of a martyr, or will emphasize the necessity of putting it on by an ostentatiously aggressive manner. Another objection is that once on it will be kept on, and thus all real benefit will be lost. If this extra garment be assumed quietly and pleasantly, and removed when no longer really required, there need be no friction nor bad colds. Further, if approached in a proper spirit, nine employers out of ten will provide a screen to shield a valuable assistant from exposure.

HOW TO LUNCH FOR FIVE CENTS

Next in consideration comes the question of food, mainly that which is taken in the form of lunch. The majority of women in business vocations feel it almost impossible to buy a warm lunch every day, so they bring something from home. But what is it they bring? A piece of bread and butter, a piece of pie or cake, and a pickle. Not exactly this every day (except the pickle), but something so like this meal that the variations are hardly worth mentioning. Such lunches are ruinous, eaten day after day. "But what are they to do?" cry the philanthropic. "They cannot afford anything better!" Oh, yes, they can!

For the amount which provides such a lunch, rolls and good milk could be bought that would be quite as satisfying and much more healthful. In a certain large business establishment the girls were persuaded of the truth of this, and each day the milkman came at noon, bringing fresh, good milk in pint jars. A pint jar, at three cents in summer and four cents in winter, provided two glasses. At this rate, a glass of milk with two rolls, even with butter on them, could be had for an expense of five cents. At this particular establishment there were also facilities for the heating of beverages. True, there are some women who cannot take milk. But to them broth or soup will probably be palatable. Either the milk or the broth has more sustaining power than the pickle or the cake, and can be brought from home.

Every woman or girl who has reached an age to go out in the world to earn her daily bread is old enough to know something of the peculiarities of her own physical constitution—what she can eat with impunity, how late hours affect her, whether she is subject to colds: in short, everything she can learn about herself. It is her duty to herself no less than to her employer, to her employer no less than to herself, to make the very best of every ounce of health with which she has been endowed.

EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

FOOD

NIGHT LUNCHEON.

All Right if of the Right Kind of Food.

The difference brought about by the use of well selected food, as compared with ordinary food, is well shown in the experience of a girl attending high school and boarding herself.

She says: "My 'housekeeping' compelled early rising, and I used to become very sleepy over my books. To keep awake, I resorted to the use of strong coffee, and in a short time I began to have a dull, stupid feeling. No appetite, but a feeling of 'goneness.' I realized that I must eat something or faint in the class room. I would wash down a little breakfast with another cup of coffee.

I began growing thin, pale and nervous, and made very unsatisfactory advancement in my studies.

One day the good wife of one of our Professors asked me if I felt well, as I appeared so weak and nervous. Between my sobs I managed to relate my woes. She saw where the trouble lay, and advised me to leave off tea and coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts Food.

I followed her advice and found the Postum a delicious beverage, and the Grape-Nuts just what I wanted. So my breakfast consisted of a little fruit, a saucer of Grape-Nuts, and a cup of Postum, an ideal breakfast.

If, at night, I felt the need of something to eat before retiring, I ate a little Grape-Nuts.

My head grew clearer, my cheeks rosy, and I gained so rapidly in health that all my acquaintances remarked upon it."

There is a reason, for both Postum and Grape-Nuts contain the elements from Nature's store house that the body uses to rebuild the brain and nerve centers throughout. These wonderful food elements are presented in such a fascinating form that users stick to them year after year, and very greatly to their benefit. The name and address of this young lady can be given by the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., at Battle Creek, Mich.

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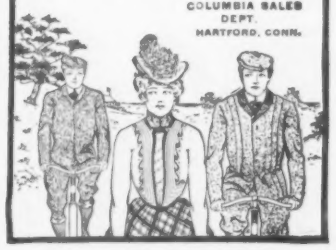

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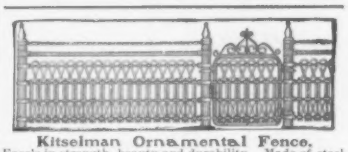

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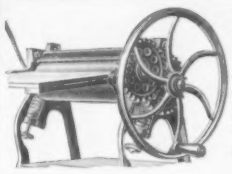

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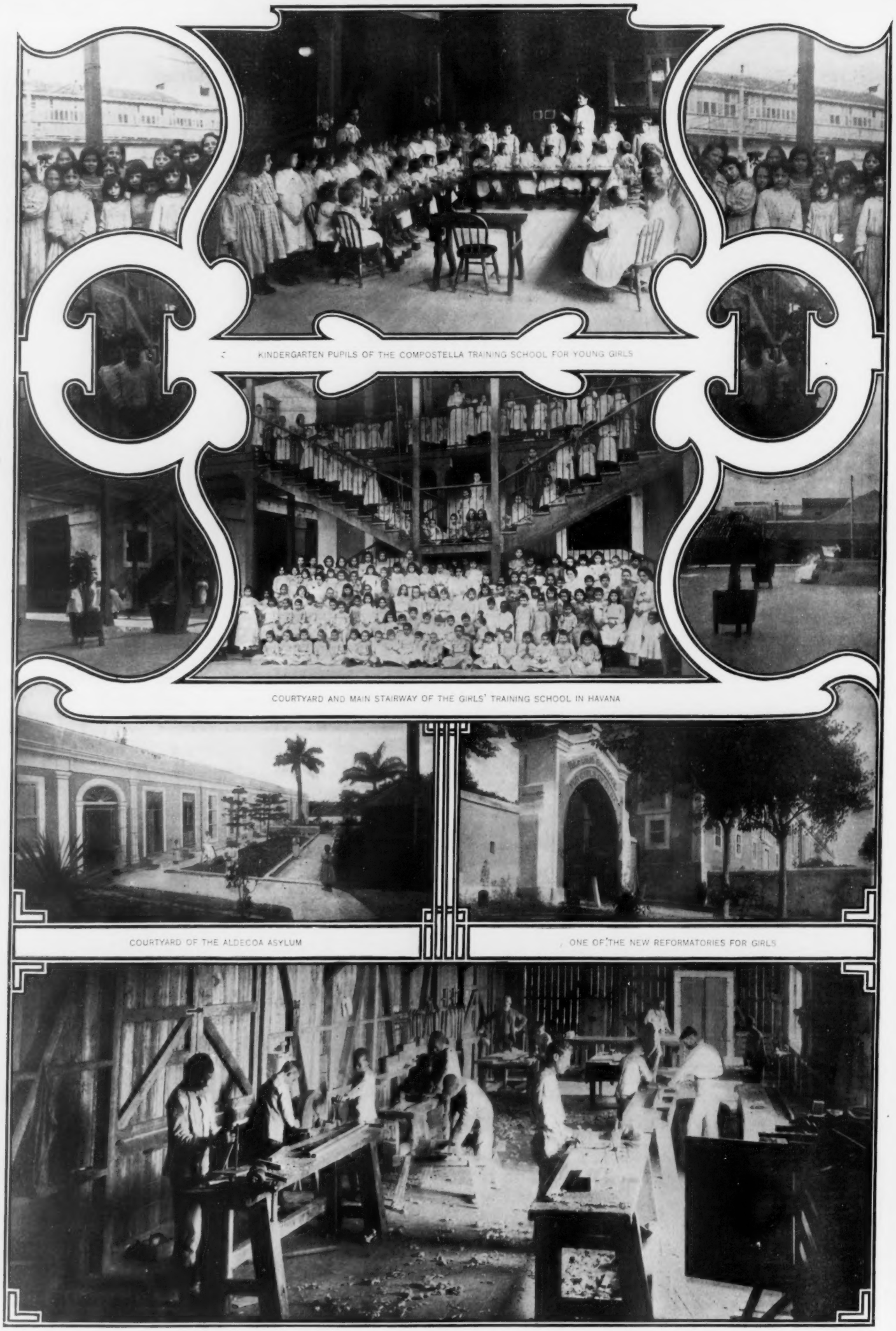

KINDERGARTEN PUPILS OF THE COMPOSTELLA TRAINING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG GIRLS

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COURTYARD OF THE ALDECOA ASYLUM

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EDUCATING CUBAN CHILDREN UNDER THE AMERICAN MILITARY GOVERNOR

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A NURSE, TEACHER, AND SOME CHILDREN OF THE COMPOSTELLA STREET SCHOOL

FOUR GREAT INSTITUTIONS FOR CUBAN CHILDREN

By LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

YOU OUGHT to be begin with Aldecoa. You get in that way not only a perspective, but the charm of a certain atmosphere not to be found in the other institutions where all that is advanced, practical, scientific and philanthropic—philanthropic in its best twentieth century sociological sense, it must be remembered—has been put into operation. At Aldecoa, for instance, you get the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, old-fashioned sunny women in white serge dresses, their radiant faces bound by stiffly-starched white linen, who have undertaken to reform the naughty children. You get, besides the naughty children themselves, girls of different ages and varying degrees of wickedness, from the stubborn and the wayward to the untruthful and the dangerous, with now and then by some strange chance, as when one finds a flower on some grimy stream, a child almost phenomenal for its goodness.

You get, too, some distinctly tropical notes in the parrots that strut about the stone porches and quarrel with the children, the children teasing the parrots in return whenever a Sister's back is turned. You feel it with the cows that are tethered in the grass, and the way in which all these things are shut away in a little world by themselves, inclosed by high white walls and guarded by tall, formidable gates, beyond which the white-robed Sisters never go, nor the children either, except, as has sometimes happened, when one escapes. The Mother Superior herself is an American, who has come from New Orleans to do this work, a woman of strangely lovely face and manner, and a gentle sweetness that is so much more than gentle sweetness, with its touch of sprightliness and cheer, that one despairs of finding a word or any collection of words to fitly describe her.

IN THE GIRLS' REFORM SCHOOL

There are eighty-one girls under her in what is known as the Reform School for Girls of Cuba. They occupy a building once used as a hospital at Aldecoa, a suburb of Havana, and within an hour's drive of General Wood's palace. Received when under sixteen years of age, these girls remain in the custody of the Department of Charities until they are eighteen. They are given an opportunity to work their way out by good conduct in the minimum time of two years. The Department then finds situations for them, and they are kept under its supervision until they are self-supporting. Commitments are made by any court of competent jurisdiction of girls convicted of crime or misdemeanor, or of those in need of reformatory discipline. The Department of Charities may transfer to this school any girl from the Training School if satisfactory evidence is shown the Department of her needing such discipline. The school is under the Department of Charities, and is supported by the State. Since December, 1900, it has been under the direct charge of a board of managers appointed by General Wood.

The girls sleep in two large dormitories, according to their departments. Two Sisters sleep in a room between, so as to watch the girls from windows opening into these dormitories. There is also a Sister sleeping above a certain ward with a window through which she can look down and see what is going on below. The beds are of iron, with woven wire springs and perfectly clean. Daily baths are compulsory, unless the weather be unusually cold. Some of the special ward girls, however, will not bathe, even when alone, without some garment covering them. Bathing suits have therefore to be made for them. The work of the establishment, except that in the Sisters' rooms, is done by the Reform Girls. The little ones only iron their own clothes, but the elder ones assist in washing those that are sent in. They are taught to read and write. Their hours are so divided that one half the school day is given to school, the other to sewing. The hours are shortened to make room for the housework. The children are also trained in calisthenics. The Mother Superior has for assistants under her nine Sisters of the Good Shepherd, six of whom are American, and three Cuban. She has one gardener, a coachman, one man who takes care of the crematories, a porter, and two general assistants, who are men.

THE COMPOSTELLA STREET SCHOOL

An altogether different atmosphere is felt at the Training School for Girls of Cuba, on Compostella Street in Havana. Here, instead of a white-robed Mother Superior, you will find a young American woman in charge, energetic, alert, thoroughly trained in up-to-date methods. Here, too, are the real children, little tots, merry youngsters, full of spontaneous fun and affection, running with true Latin abandon to kiss the hands of their teachers. Some have the faces of cherubs, some the sturdy features of our best nourished children, some show the ravages of a former awful hunger. One in particular I remember—a tiny child dwarfed by privation, with a pale face just beginning to fill out in places between well-defined lines, where the muscles had been drawn taut like cords strained in suffering, and not yet limbered out, even though the eyes had become bright and the lips had learned to smile. Such a face haunts you, and an irresistible throb of enthusiasm gets into your speech as you discuss with the women about you what our government is doing for the homeless children and for such as these.

HOW CHILDREN ENTER THE SCHOOLS

Stringent laws control the consignment of these children to the school, laws which have been found necessary in order that the interests of both the family and the State may be protected. Just here it may be as well to say that a Bureau for placing children in families, taking them from institutions, was organized in April, 1900, by Mr. Homer Folks of the Organized Charities in New York, who went to Cuba for the purpose. In some seven months two hundred and thirty-six children were placed in homes, and many of the asylums throughout the island are being rapidly closed.

It is one of the most interesting of experiences after a drive over the cobblestones of Compostella Street to find the large wooden doors of the Training School for Girls opened, and yourself ushered into the immense paved stone court that once did service for horses, when the galleries that run round the patio were used as cavalry barracks. Now the paved patio is filled with romping children, with flowering shrubs set out in tubs, with pretty nurses and attendants—vigilantes, as they are called—with charming faces and bright eyes. There is a fountain in the centre filled with goldfish; there are swings and poles and wide romping places, sand piles to play in, ropes to jump and balls to throw. The children sleep in the upper galleries; rows and rows of little beds, spotlessly clean and well made, are there, the windows wide open, so that now and then the birds come in to nest on the wooden rafters overhead. One bird hopped along the gallery floor just ahead of us as we walked.

The children's clothes are kept in little square compartments, hardly bigger than pigeon-holes, built against the walls. Not much space is required for a Cuban child's outfit. Extra winter clothes mean only an undershirt and a tiny shawl for rainy days when the wind blows. The brushes, combs, towels, all numbered, are kept in the washroom on the ground floor, where there are showers and tubs of modern make. Each child has a shower bath daily.

IN THE KINDERGARTEN

There is an enchanting kindergarten room in the lower gallery, the window boxes filled with plants and flowers. Miss Emma Tracy, a graduate of the School of Ethical Culture in New York, a cheerful woman, full of enthusiasm and exactly fitted by temperament and training for her work, has the kindergarten in charge. Nothing in the way of equipment has been denied her, and she is eager in her praise of the Department. There are the little beds the children have made, the tables they have set, the figures they have modelled. I have seen kindergartens in the States, but never one more charming. In the kitchen, where cooking is taught, rows of little gas stoves are set out on tables. Each child has its own stove, and its compartment under the table for its cooking utensil. A Cuban stove is at one end of the room, so that Cuban methods may not be neglected. There is a complete set of blue and white china sufficient for the table. The children are taught not only how to set the table but to wait on it. Infinite pains are taken in the sewing classes. Polished tables large enough for six children to gather about are placed around the room. The Lloyd method is taught, and *well* taught. In no sewing school in New York have I ever seen anything better, and I once had occasion to see them all. Perhaps the fingers of Cuban children are defter. A New York sewing teacher once told me that it sometimes takes a year and a half to teach a poor child to thread a needle!

In the kitchen garden the children learn how to sweep and to wash dishes, to arrange a room and to answer the bell when a visitor is announced. Every day there is a half-hour class in singing; then at the close of the day there is a lesson in physical culture.

THE TRAINING AND REFORM SCHOOLS

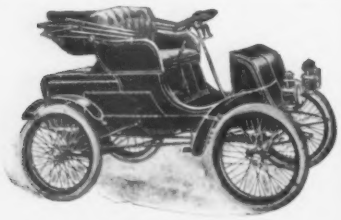
Neither the Training School for Boys nor the Reformed School is to be found at Havana. Fifteen miles out of the city, at Santiago de las Vegas, the Training School is being pushed to completion. Until it is ready some four hundred boys, who have been gathered in from the courts and the streets, are housed at the Reform School at Guanajay. Guanajay is thirty miles west of Havana. The school occupies the barracks of a former camp for American soldiers, and stands on a plateau of sixty-two acres. The boys have school classes, classes in industrial training, of various kinds. They play baseball, football, and are drilled by an American sergeant. It is intended that each boy shall have a half-day's school and a half-day's industrial training. The boys from ten to fourteen are called on for housework. The smaller boys, from three and a half to eight or nine years, go to school all day, as they are considered too young for duty about the house. There will be a kindergarten before long for these little boys. Elementary instruction, which is all these waifs are capable of understanding, is given in reading, writing and arithmetic, with grammar and geography. In the manual classes the boys are taught agriculture, carpentry, shoemaking, blacksmithing, painting, masonry, tailoring and sewing. Some of the boys do the housework of the superintendent's house; they clean the grounds, fill the lamps and cut the grass. One day a week, under the supervision of their teachers, they are allowed to write to friends and relatives.

A PARADISE FOR CHILDREN

When the Training School at Santiago de las Vegas is finished, many of the destitute boys from the Reform School will be transferred there. In the meantime everything is being done to make the new school an embodiment of the best and most advanced methods of the day. You reach the school, when you drive there as I did, by going through fifteen miles of a fertile and enchanting country, by cocoanut palms, under royal palms, and through occasional avenues of the most beautiful of all Cuban trees—the laurel. Everything is tropical and luxuriant, while everywhere in the distance are hills and mountains, the tops of the highest hazy in the sunlight. Tobacco is already flourishing; at the school horizontal beams indoors and out are full of vigorous leaves drying in the heat. A small chicken farm laid out on the premises has all the appointments known to well-equipped establishments in Westchester County—incubators, brooders, special courtyards for fowls, and all the rest, besides an expert from the States to manage it. The stables have been built after the most approved Cuban models, with plenty of ventilation overhead for the horses. The bathrooms show long double rows of showers and basins where a hundred boys can bathe at a time. The kitchens are enormous, airy and comfortable, finished without wood, and there are huge storerooms, refrigerators, school- and work-rooms, dormitories and schoolrooms. Here the boys are to be instructed in all the industrial arts, trained to self-support, and made distinct contributions to the commonwealth in which they are to live.

MODEL METHODS OF ORGANIZATION

The civil order which established these schools was dated July, 1900. What strikes you most in studying the methods employed in organizing them is the altogether liberal spirit in which they have been designed and executed. The best minds and authorities in the States have been consulted, the best advice followed. Plans of successful institutions have been studied, details of management, methods of discipline and procedure. You cannot escape the conviction that General Wood and the men of his staff have given the best of everything, including themselves, to the work. General Ludlow, who was first identified with the charities of Cuba, was seconded and succeeded by Major Edwin St. John Greble, a West Point graduate, who has, since General Ludlow's departure, been at the head of the Department of Charities. It is he who has planned the school at Santiago de las Vegas, laid out the grounds and purchased the stores. The Compostella School has been equipped by him out of the liberal funds appropriated by the military governor. There are sixty-seven charitable institutions which must be inspected by him, the reports of which must be submitted to him. In the latest of his own reports he desires particularly to invite attention to the services rendered by Mr. Miguel R. Saurez, the assistant superintendent of the Department, and by the chief clerk, Mr. Charles R. Morales.



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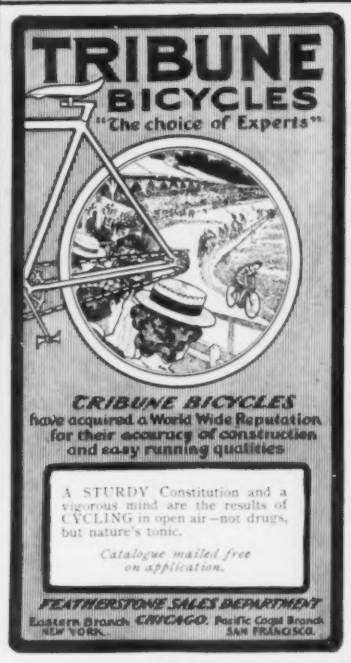

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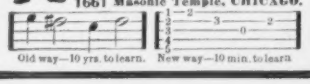

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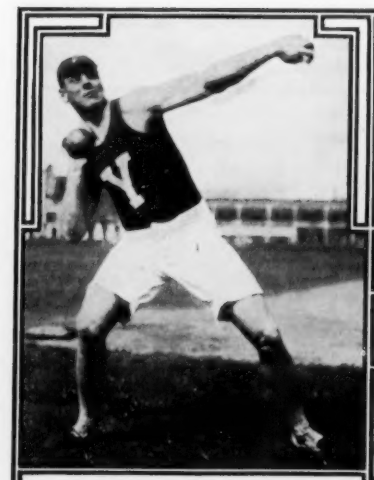
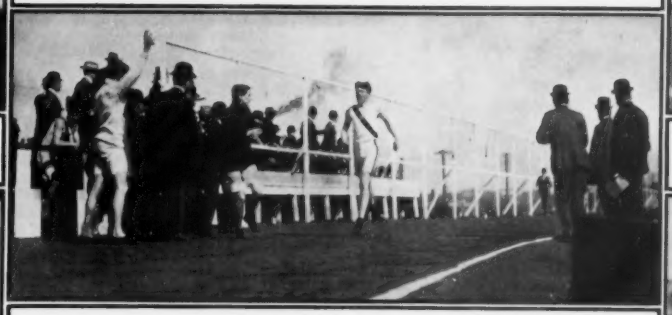


SHELDON (YALE) PUTTING THE SHOT 43 FT. 2 IN.

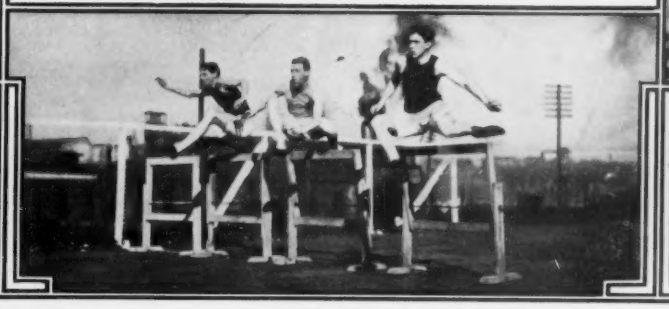
J. S. SPRAKER (YALE), SECOND IN THE RUNNING HIGH JUMP, CLEARING THE BAR AT 6 FT. 1½ IN.

A. DEWITT (PRINCETON), WINNER OF THE HAMMER THROW



BOYNTON (HARVARD) FINISHING IN THE TWO-MILE RELAY RACE

H. N. COLEMAN (PRINCETON), WINNER OF THE POLE VAULT, CLEARING THE BAR



THE 120-YARD HURDLE—THOMAS (YALE) FIRST, HOWARD (UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA) SECOND, AND BARKER (COLUMBIA) THIRD

J. S. SPRAKER (YALE) JUMPING 22 FT. 3½ IN. HE WAS SECOND IN THE BROAD JUMP

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA RELAY RACES—FRANKLIN FIELD, APRIL 27

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by WALTER CAMP

PHILADELPHIA RELAYS

THE Relay Carnival held by the University of Pennsylvania annually at Franklin Field has come to be taken as the real harbinger of spring and the opening of the main line of track events. Mr. Frank B. Ellis, the veteran manager, had his usual flawless contract with the weather man, and the contests were run off in a way to give lessons to the general track management of our principal meets. There were three main features of the meeting. These were the success of Jones in the high jump, defeating both Spraker and Baxter, and exploding the well-sustained theory that he never could win under pressure; the victory of Boardman of Yale in the mile relay; and the wonderfully sustained final sprint and winning of Clark of Harvard in the long relay.

These three things show that Jones is a different quantity from before, that Boardman, having ceased that wagging motion of his head, is the most dangerous quarter-miler in the country, and, finally, that Harvard is getting up a strong distance runner in little Clark. All of which has important bearing upon intercollegiate events.

Outside of these especially notable features, there was the excellent opportunity which these games always afford of measuring the men who will be candidates for the honors in the intercollegiate and dual meets. While few of these men can possibly be at top form at the end of April without seriously jeopardizing their chances in the more momentous contests (note the performance of Yale under Copeland a few years ago), the indications which these early performances give make the capital for speculation for which all the partisans are looking.

This was the seventh annual contest of the kind given by the University of Pennsylvania, and, while no intercollegiate records were broken, the sport was good, and the one mile was only four seconds slower than the record. This was perhaps the most interesting of the relays from the point of quality, and was won by Yale with the following men: Dupee, Clapp, Hunter, and Boardman; the time by quarters being 53 4-5, 1.45 2-5, 2.37, and 3.27 1-2.

As already stated, Boardman made a beautiful finish, but Clapp also ran well, and is manifestly one of Yale's very promising men, both on the flat and especially in the hurdles.

The two-mile championship was won by Harvard with Behr, Applegate, Swan, and Boynton; Columbia getting second, Pennsylvania third, Yale fourth, and Cornell last. The times were 2.03, 4.08, 6.11 1-5, and 8.14.

The four-mile relay furnished the most exciting finish of the lot. The race was won by Harvard through the excellent work of Clark, their fourth man, who steadily wore down a considerable lead, and finally finished first, thoroughly run out at the tape. The time of the miles was 4.44 1-5, 9.25 4-5, 14.05, and 18.45 2-5.

The special 120-yard hurdle race was prettily won by Thomas of Yale, with Howard of Pennsylvania second and Barker of Columbia third. The time was slow—16 3-5.

The broad jump, as had been anticipated, was won by Priustein of Syracuse; Spraker of Yale, however, showing good quality. The distance was 22 feet 6 1-2 inches, which is short for the Syracuse wonder.

Coleman of Princeton won the pole vault, and it is evident that the line of over-11-foot pole-vaulters, which Yale has had, has been at last broken, for the Princeton man took the event with 10 feet 9 inches; Hord of Yale, Horton of Princeton, and Dekin of Pennsylvania tying for the second at 10 feet 6; but in the final jump-off, Horton and Dekin tied again at 10 feet 9. Duffy of Georgetown easily captured the 100-yard special in 10 seconds, Hargrave of Yale running a good second. Sheldon of Yale took the shot put and the discus throw, while DeWitt of Princeton got the hammer, swinging the missile 133 feet 1-2 inch.

The special high jump brought out three excellent men in Jones of the New York University, Spraker of Yale, and Baxter of Pennsylvania, who finished in the order mentioned, Jones clearing 6 feet 2 3-4 inches. It is evident that this young man will bear a good deal of looking after at the intercollegiates.

An interesting feature of the meeting was the reappearance of Garrett of Johns Hopkins, who formerly took honors for Princeton, and for America at the meeting in Greece some years ago.

COLLEGE ROWING

The boat racing in this country this year, so far as college crews are concerned, will take place during the week from June 27 to July 2. On the 27th, Yale and Harvard will meet at New London in a two-mile race of four-oared crews, a two-mile race of freshmen eights, and the 'varsity four-mile shell race. At Poughkeepsie, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Columbia, and probably Wisconsin and Georgetown, possibly Syracuse, will row, on July 2, four-oared, freshman and 'varsity races. There have been rumors, as mentioned in this column last week, about an English crew coming over, but no one can say, at this present writing, what are the probabilities of this taking place. The truth of the matter is, that the Englishmen have a prevailing horror of the heat that they think inevitable in the States in July. Then, too, the 'varsity race between Oxford and Cambridge is always rowed in the early spring. This year it occurred on March 30, and to keep crews in training from that time until July is a big undertaking. Still further, Henley Week comes in the first week in July, and as a rule members of the 'varsity boats are interested either as competitors or as spectators in this event to such an extent that it is almost out of the question to tempt these English rowing men to desert Henley for any other rowing feature. All the would-be negotiators of an international event on American waters have always been brought to a standstill in face of these obstacles.

The chief interest centres naturally in the University of Pennsylvania, owing to the fact that they will send an American crew to the English Henley. Every one feels from former experience how serious the task is, but with more than half the men who sat in a winning boat last year, and that of a crew which was unmistakably fast, there is some reason for encouragement.

Harvard's crew got on the water the middle of March, the Weld and Newell crews, as well as practically everything else that could be brought out, enjoying the first spring days. Captain Bullard now expects to pick the 'varsity men in May, and when one thinks that the original candidates coming out in March numbered nearly two hundred, he can get some idea of the difficulty of the selection.

While the general outside opinion has been that Harvard had nothing exceptionally promising in the way of boating talent for this spring, there is a wholly different feeling among the men who are sufficiently posted to be called on the inside. There are others the confidence of whom is seldom equalled. These men firmly believe, although courtesy has forbidden the expression of that opinion, that the accident to Harvard's stroke oar last year was quite sufficient to turn the tables, and they believe that the Harvard stroke, as exhibited by Higginson's men, is a better four-mile stroke than that displayed by Yale under Allen and Gallaudet last season.

They count upon the greater life and dash. They also say that Yale counted herself as strong in the freshman boat last year, and that in spite of this the Harvard freshman crew defeated them decisively. They argue, therefore, that the oncoming material from freshman boats is largely in Harvard's favor.

Meantime, at New Haven, the men, who have been on the water earlier than before, are doing much more competitive work and certainly look to be advanced for this period in the year. Old boating men who have looked over the material think it rather mediocre. But there are certainly some very promising individual candidates.

HANLAN, COLUMBIA COACH

The history of Edward Hanlan, the present coach of the Columbia crew, and the man who is looked upon to change the rowing destinies of the blue and white this season, has been a most interesting one. He has rowed in Africa, Australia, England—and, in fact, pretty much everywhere in the world where rowing was possible. He was born in Toronto in 1855, and rowed his first shell race when he was sixteen years old, pulling bow. In 1872, he came out as a single sculler and won two races. From that year until about six years ago he rowed in something over two hundred races and was beaten less than half a dozen times, and in some of those cases not conclusively. He was beaten by Beach in Australia on the latter's own water, but it was a terrific race, and Beach himself was practically exhausted at the finish.

In 1880 Hanlan was the champion of the world, and in 1883 broke the world's record for four miles, making it in 27 minutes 57 1-2 seconds.

WALTER CAMP.

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Remarkable Remedy That Makes the Hair Long, Soft, Silky and Glossy—Men, Women or Children, Even Bald Heads Can Have a Fine Head of Hair.

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Send your name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 2315 Butterfield Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage, and they will forward the free trial package at once. There is no good reason why you or your children should have poor hair. It is necessary as a protection in both summer and winter, and without a good growth of hair a child or adult is always liable to colds. Sickness of the mother or child often stuns or paralyzes the hair roots and years are required for nature to overcome the loss. Who can doubt the merits of this wonderful remedy when we have thousands of testimonials from such unquestionable people as the following:

Says Professor Turner, President of Fairmount College, Sulphur, Ky.: "After being bald for thirty years, I began using the remedy in 1895, and in a few weeks thereafter my entire scalp was covered with a thick downy growth of new hair. The whole of my hair was gone except a fringe around the hat line. In six weeks the bald spot was entirely covered. I had been bald for thirty years, and when hair can be made to grow on such a head as mine no bald headed person need fear the results."

Mlle. Riva, 149 Avenue des Champs Elysees, the famous Parisian Contralto, whose wonderfully luxuriant tresses add charm to a most bewitching personality, says: "I procured a set of the Foso Remedies while touring the States and they actually caused my hair to grow anew. We have in Paris such a bewildering array of hair dressings it seems strange we must go to the States for one that will make the hair grow. I had for several years been losing my hair, had tried everything and was finally obliged to wear switches to keep up appearances. I am happy to say that with the Foso Remedies my hair is now more luxuriant than it ever was and am thankful to feel that it is all my own and cannot fall off to embarrass me."

Geo. N. Thatcher, of Covington, Ky., a prominent railway official, says:

"I was getting so bald and such a shining mark for my friends that I was forced into using hair remedies. I tried a dozen or more before I ran across the Foso Treatment and am glad to say that I was well rewarded. My entire scalp is now thickly covered with long dark hair of the natural shade and I know beyond question that the Foso Remedies caused this result. I do not hesitate to lend my name and influence to these thoroughly trustworthy hair growers."

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MY EXPERIENCES IN THE TRANSVAAL

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 5)

British soldiers and that he could, of course, trust them; that they, the officers, had made themselves responsible for the good conduct of the men, and that he looked to the non-commissioned officers to keep the rank and file in order and to see that their word was respected. Then, by way of emphasis, he said that I was to be held personally responsible by the landdrost in case any promise was broken and that it was incumbent on every British soldier to see that no harm came to me.

I do not think I shall ever forget the peculiar sensation which I had when we first arrived at the camp. It was full of excitement. The air was charged with electricity; you could hear men shouting and singing and swearing; it was like the growling and muttering of a lot of caged animals. Many of these prisoners had been under confinement for nearly a year. After Colonel Carlton had made his speech to the non-commissioned officers and the non-commissioned officers had gone back to the camp and told the men that in the course of a day or two they would be released, the change was at once apparent. A hush fell upon the camp. The men quieted down and in a short time they were all asleep. In a few days they were released, all with the exception of nine hundred, whom some of the Boers thought it was advisable to hold as hostages of war.

WHY BRAVE BOTHA SURRENDERED PRETORIA

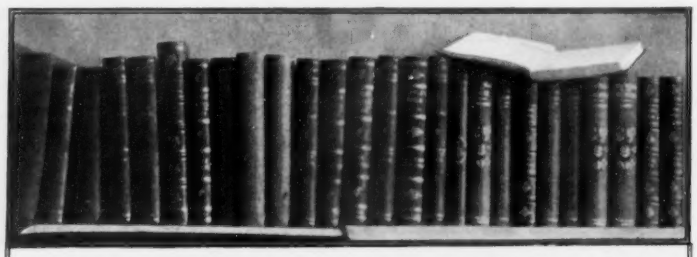
The night before Pretoria surrendered there was some discussion among the Boers as to the advisability of defending it, and General Louis Botha declared his intention of making a resistance. It was apparent to everybody that this would simply involve useless slaughter, as Pretoria was practically denuded of troops, and Lord Roberts' artillery would soon have reduced the city to a mass of ruins. Late in the evening of that day the Dutch consul suggested to me that we go to General Botha and point out to him the folly of offering further resistance. We went to General Botha's quarters, where a council of war was being held, and after some time were admitted to his presence. The council had decided that the position was untenable and that there was no escape from surrender. I saw a copy of the letter which General Botha sent to Lord Roberts, which, as I recall, read substantially like this: "I shall not defend Pretoria, as this is the only course left open to me, because you do not allow me to move my women and children as we did in the case of Ladysmith."

At General Botha's headquarters I met Mrs. Botha, who has recently come into prominence as being the intermediary between her husband and Lord Kitchener. At that time and afterward I saw a good deal of Mrs. Louis Botha, who always impressed me as a woman of great intelligence and natural ability besides being very charming in her manner.

FUTURE PROSPECTS IN THE TRANSVAAL

As to the future of the Transvaal I am not qualified to speak as an authority. I do not believe that the Transvaal can ever become a great agricultural country, as the absence of water and the frequent recurrence of locusts and other plagues to cattle make agriculture difficult and probably unprofitable. The veldt is almost a treeless plain, and it has been found necessary to plant trees to provide the necessary wood not only for fuel but for fences and other domestic purposes. There is coal, of course, to be found in some parts of the country, but it is widely scattered, and the mines have not as yet been sufficiently developed for all purposes. It is possible, however, that in the future new and profitable mines may be opened up. Of course, the great value of the Transvaal is in its gold mines. The opinion has been expressed that the mines will play out after a short time and cease to be profitable; but I have been informed by men whose opinions are entitled to the greatest weight that there is no danger of this happening, and that not only can the present mines continue to turn out the existing output, but that new veins can be discovered which will considerably add to the gold now supplied to the world by the Rand. When the war is ended, and peace and order are restored, there ought to be a great field for American enterprise—not for men going out there looking for a job, but for the sale of American machinery and other articles of manufacture, and for men who have money and who intend to engage in business. It needs money, however, to be successful there. It is not a cheap country in which to live, and the men who are now engaged in business have large capital behind them; but if Americans with energy and money go there I believe they can find a profitable field for their enterprise.

I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to express my thanks to Mr. John Gardner Coolidge of Boston for the assistance he rendered me on several occasions. Mr. Coolidge was the American acting vice-consul—an honorary office, which he was about to relinquish when I arrived; but, thinking he might be of some use to our government, he consented to remain. His services and companionship did much to relieve a situation which at times was not altogether pleasant.



THE MAKING OF BOOKS

The Lane That Has No Turning

In "The Lane That Has No Turning" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) Mr. Gilbert Parker has opened up a new and entirely unexplored field in his delightful stories of French Canadian life. They possess all the fascination of the unknown, enhanced by a rare delicacy of touch, which pervades all his sketches, like the sunlight that glints across the picturesque settings of Pontiac. In this recently published book the charm is the charm of quaint characters—Kipling *au sérieux* could not outdo "The Man That Died at Alma." The boastful, much-married, but jolly Irishman, with tales of terrible battles and ghastly (or ghostly) piles of dead vanquished by the signalling leg of a "foine thirsty healthy corpse," well might he captivate the story-loving cronies of Pontiac.

And witness this, in the presence of the condoning Curé: The two women were glaring at each other, having just finished as fine a torrent of abuse of each other and of Kilguhanity as can be imagined. Kilguhanity himself, with the horror of death upon him, has listened to the brawl. "His hens come home to roost at last," and, though the man of God would have the man die in peace, the thirst of battle was strong in The Man That Died at Alma, and—now in the final gasp—

"A smile crossed Kilguhanity's face as he gazed . . . 'Oh, the foine of it! . . . I do be shlaping—shlaping.' And he fell into the noiseless sleep."

Souls of Passage

In the fulness of time white-handed peace may descend upon a world much harassed by sectarianism, and the inhabitants thereof may persuade each other that each of the 269 religions extant contains the brightest promise of celestial bliss if not the best policy of fire insurance. However that may be, the spectre—if spectre it be—of reincarnation still requires a muchness of laying. Now comes to the fore another soul-puzzling tome, from the hand of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. "Souls of Passage" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) offers a basis of operations, but, even while relying upon action, rather than Mrs. Barr, the book has failed to rise to whatever promise a hackneyed subject may contain. But the love story is the good old one with which she has made us familiar, and the main theme, luckily, is not sufficiently cohesive to seriously disturb any of the above-mentioned 269 varieties of mixed belief.

That Mainwaring Affair

Plots, intrigues and deeds of rascality follow closely on each other's heels in "That Mainwaring Affair" (A. Maynard Barbour; Lippincott)—a book that will be widely popular without the interference of reviews. Hence this vindication of the reviewer. The reader pauses breathless, but satisfied, at the final triumphant vindication of virtue and the awarding of the wages of sin. How the villain filches an enormous inheritance from his brother, the rightful heir, whom he closely resembles, by sup-

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pressing the father's final will, etc., etc., is told by the author with such suspensive continuity that he vests even impossible situations with fictitious realism. We even refrain when the hero's son, a virtuous and discerning young man of a judicial trend of mind, discovers the deep-laid villany of everybody else concerned. How the hatefully irreproachable secretary, meshed in the nets of villany, is vindicated by the discovery of the real culprit forms the most thrilling (and disappointing) of a series of thrills in which murder, suicide, theft and forgery riot wildly. But the plot is novel, and interest in it does not lag for want of spurring. Not, we fear, a volume calculated to tempt Mr. Knight to incorporate extracts in "Half-Hours with the Best Authors," nor to be recommended in severe cases of nervous prostration.

Love Letters of Bismarck

The lives (spelled "loves") of the great among Humanity's insects never fail to interest the world at large, but it is seldom permitted such deep insight into the intimacy of the hearts and thoughts of "Iron Men" as in the "Love Letters of Bismarck" (Harper Brothers). Forceful, coherent, yet withal delightfully unrestrained, sealed with the great man's personality, they reveal underlying currents of nature, deep affection, tenderness and humanness which never wavered throughout his long political career. The man, "Bismarck beloved," speaks in these letters. The true inwardness of the dual atmosphere in which he lived, glimpses of the rise of the German Empire and the men who made the history of those days is woven in a thread of romance through the strand of his love.

The Silver Skull

The Red Terror of Italy has furnished Mr. S. R. Crockett with data for a gorgeous tale entitled "The Silver Skull" (Stokes). The story told by the heroine, Isabella Vardarelli, deals with blood-curdling baptisms of gore fraught with most terrible consequences to protectors and persecutors of innocence. But finally, and properly, the villanous, but capable, arbiter of fate comes a cropper, and dies ignominiously, with a cigarette between his lips, leaving the lovers free to wed at last. As they wend their way out of Francavilla and the reader's ken, the grinning skull of the ex-villain greets them from its iron cage above the gateway. The book is full of "color"—and the color is mostly sanguinary.

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BRAIN FOOD

Is of Little Benefit Unless it is Digested

Nearly everyone will admit that as a nation we eat too much meat and too little of vegetables and the grains.

For business men, office men and clerks, and in fact everyone engaged in sedentary or indoor occupations, grains, milk and vegetables are much more healthful.

Only men engaged in a severe outdoor manual labor can live on a heavy meat diet and continue in health.

As a general rule, meat once a day is sufficient for all classes of men, women and children, and grains, fruit and vegetables should constitute the bulk of food eaten.

But many of the most nutritious foods are difficult of digestion and it is of no use to advise brain workers to eat largely of grains and vegetables where the digestion is too weak to assimilate them properly.

It is always best to get the best results from our food, that some simple and harmless digestive should be taken after meals to assist the relaxed digestive organs, and several years' experience have proven Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to be a very safe, pleasant and effective digestive and a remedy which may be taken daily with the best results.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can hardly be called a patent medicine, as they do not act on the bowels nor any particular organ but only on the food eaten. They supply what weak stomachs lack, pepsin diastase, and by stimulating the gastric glands increase the natural secretion of hydrochloric acid.

People who make a daily practice of taking one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal are sure to have perfect digestion, which means perfect health.

There is no danger of forming an injurious habit as the tablets contain absolutely nothing but natural digestives; cocaine, morphine and similar drugs have no place in a stomach medicine, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are certainly the best known and most popular of all stomach remedies.

Ask your druggist for a fifty cent package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and after a week's use note the improvement in health, appetite and nervous energy.

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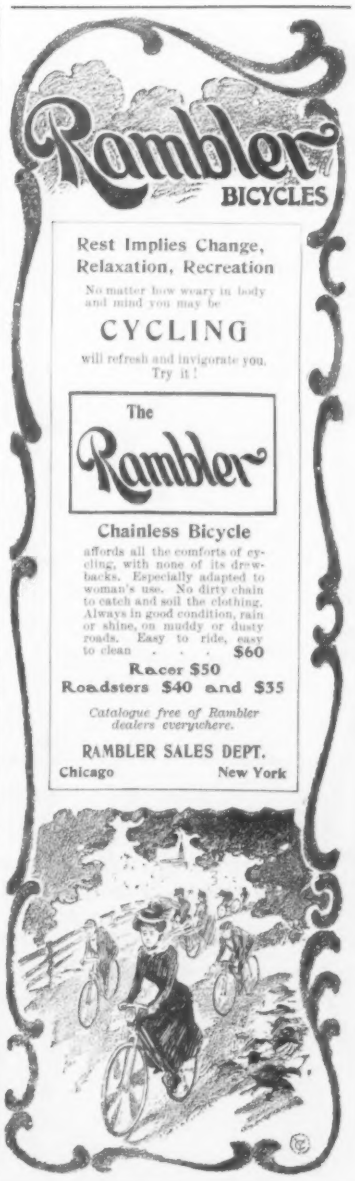

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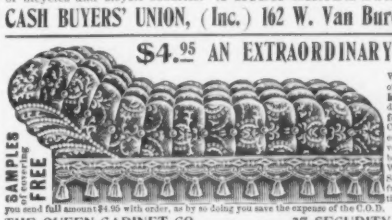

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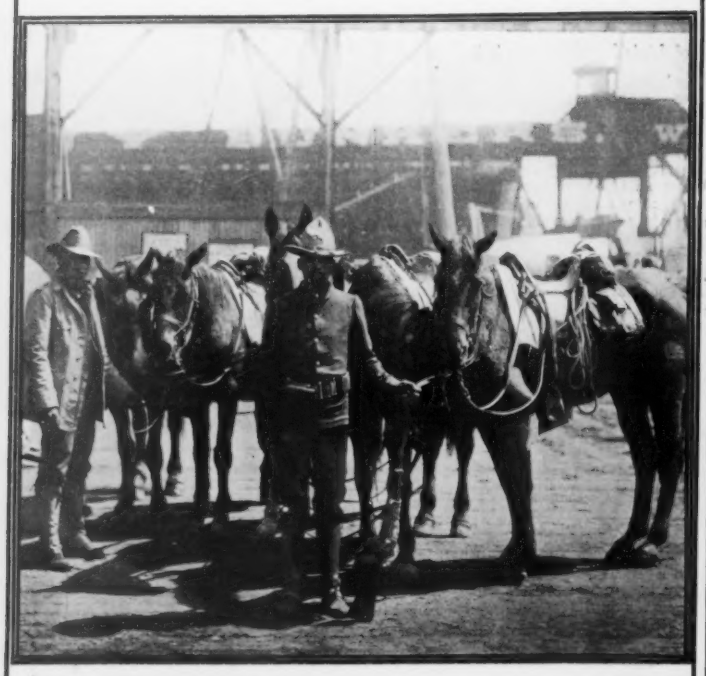

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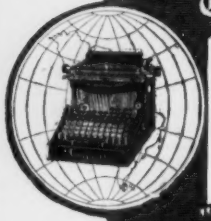

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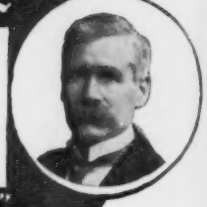

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